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## THE LAST STAGE OF THE REFORM BILL.

THE Reform Bill has now passed through all its stages in both Houses of Parliament, has received the Royal assent, and has become law. The House of Lords, as was generally anticipated, acquiesced in the rejection of the majority of their amendments by the other branch of the Legislature; deriving, however, as we gather from the speeches of some of the Peers, no inconsiderable consolation from the acceptance of the clause providing for the representation of minorities. It would be inhuman to deprive their lordships of every source of satisfaction; but we cannot help doubting whether they will, a few years hence, look back with much gratification upon the solitary result of their legislative activity, energy, and independence. The seed which they have sown will not lie barren in the ground. The representation of minorities, if adopted at all, cannot be confined to a few constituencies. It is so obviously unjust, that the majority in four large towns and in seven counties should be deprived of the power and influence possessed by majorities in small towns and in other counties, that if the clause introduced at the instance of Lord Cairns be not repealed, its inevitable result must be to bring about a rearrangement of our whole representative system upon the three-cornered plan, or some other at least equally well fitted to carry out generally the principle which has now been partially adopted. Such a prospect, involving as it does the wholesale disfranchisement of the small boroughs, may be very inviting to Mr. Mill and other advanced Liberals, but it is difficult to understand how it can commend itself to the friends of a Conservative policy. But after what has occurred during the present session we are, perhaps, wrong in looking for the supporters of such a policy amongst the adherents of the present Administration. Compelled to abandon their old attitude of obstinate obstruction, the Tories have apparently now taken up the notion that it is only by radical changes that they can hope to save some share of power for the classes which have hitherto exclusively governed the country. And it will occasion us no surprise if we should find them hereafter as ready as they have hitherto been averse to lend their ears to doctrinaire schemes for the scientific redistribution of seats. Although we do not look forward with apprehension to any future legislation on that subject, we must confess that we should have been better pleased to adhere, with Mr. Bright, to the old lines of the Constitution, subject to such modifications as the changing circumstances of the times might imperatively demand. It is, however, in vain for Liberals to be Conservatives when Conservatives have taken up the work of innovation. We can only hope that those who have launched us upon a career of constitutional change, in a direction as yet wholly untried, may have no cause to regret that for the sake of limiting the political influence of a few large constituencies, they have virtually condemned to destruction that independent representation of small communities upon which up to the present session all but a few speculative thinkers set so much value as an important element in our political system. We need not dwell at any length upon the other features of the brief discussion which took place in the House of Lords on Monday last. It is immaterial to consider the soundness of Lord Derby's criticisms upon the reasons given by the House of Commons for insisting upon the reduction of the county copyhold and leasehold

franchises from £10 to £5, seeing that he concluded by saying that, after all, "it did not signify;" but we cannot help observing that Lord Mansfield's well-known advice to a judge, "Give your judgment, by all means, but don't give your reasons," was at least as applicable to himself as to the House of Commons, against whom he quoted it. It was natural that their lordships should shed a copious shower of political tears over the rejection of voting-papers. Their adoption would, no doubt, have been a thoroughly Conservative measure. It would have conserved the influence of landlords over tenants, of superiors over inferiors, of wealthy men over those who are venal enough to accept their bribes; and while it would have afforded undue facilities for voting to those who are too timid or too apathetic to submit to the trifling inconvenience or annoyance attendant upon a visit to the polling-booth, it would have given no protection whatever to those whose dependent position renders them obnoxious to the pressure of undue influence. It is not surprising that their Lordships should regret the loss of a means of strengthening and perpetuating class ascendancy; but neither they, nor their friends in the Lower House will be well advised if, as they threaten, they persevere in their efforts to obtain the assent of Parliament to this "new-fangled" mode of voting. Nothing could tend more directly to strengthen the hands of the friends of the ballot than the continued agitation of this subject; and those who do not desire to see secret voting become part of our electoral system will act prudently in withholding their sanction from a plan of "hole-and-corner voting" which, if it were ever adopted, would only be the precursor of the more thorough-going and, we must add, the far more honest, method which is at present under the Parliamentary protection of the facetious member for Bristol.

We have followed so carefully the various stages in the prolonged debates upon the Reform Bill, that we may now state very briefly our general opinion of the measure as a whole. In the main that opinion must undoubtedly be favourable. It is as yet impossible to form any estimate of the degree in which the payment of rates will operate as an impediment to the enfranchisement of the poorer class of householders; nor does any one even pretend to guess at the extent to which the working classes will come upon the register under the lodger suffrage. But after making every reasonable allowance for the effect of the restrictive provisions of the Bill, we cannot doubt that a large and liberal extension of the borough franchise will remain—more large and liberal, indeed, than any previously offered, or than the most sanguine friends of Reform could have anticipated even a few months ago. At the same time we are not amongst those who apprehend that so large a portion of the "residuum" will be enfranchised as to throw the borough elections into the hands of the class most amenable to the influences of beer and bribery. In the large towns only the steady and respectable portion of the working class are likely to pay their rates with sufficient punctuality, or to reside long enough in the same house or lodgings, to qualify themselves as electors. And although, in some of the smaller places, household suffrage may be the means of admitting a less independent and less intelligent class of voters than it is altogether desirable to have on the register, that is but a small price to pay for what may be regarded as a practically permanent settlement of the most important branch of the franchise



question. The £12 rating suffrage for the counties is somewhat less liberal than the £14 rental qualification proposed by the Bill of last year; and it is certainly far too high, considered relatively to the household suffrage in boroughs. Under these circumstances it is improbable that it will be maintained for any length of time, but if we may judge from the speeches of some of the Tory Peers a movement for its reduction is not likely to meet with any obstinate resistance from the territorial interest, and at any rate it is not a subject which can give rise to any dangerous or disturbing agitation. The redistribution portion of the Bill is certainly that which is most faulty and least adequate to the requirements of the present time. It was convenient for Mr. Disraeli to avoid the absolute disfranchisement of any borough, because by this means he, no doubt, materially lessened the opposition with which he had to contend. But he must be as well aware as any one else that a number of small and, indeed, insignificant places cannot long continue to engross that large share in the representation which they now possess. Under any circumstances we should before long have seen a movement for further changes in this part of our system; but the tendency to that agitation has been materially stimulated, both by the conduct of the Government in withdrawing at the last moment from a number of large and rising towns the members which had been promised to them, and by the action of Parliament in reference to the representation of minorities.

Still, although we do not expect the present Bill to constitute a settlement of equal permanence to that which was effected by the Reform Act of 1832, we anticipate that it will relieve the country at any rate for a very considerable time from any violent or engrossing agitation in connection with our representative system. The power of the great body of the people will be so far strengthened by the legislation of the present year, that we shall in future be able to effect Reform without going to the brink of Revolution; and it is probable that as that Reform becomes more easy it will also become more gradual. The stream, not being dammed up, will flow gently. We shall not have to concentrate our energies once every few years upon a spasmodic effort to make at one stroke changes which are better and more naturally introduced by degrees. Of course we shall be told that changes will in future be only too easy; and that all the barriers against reckless innovation have in fact been removed. But we agree with the views which it has suited Mr. Disraeli to express on this point during the present session. There is a conservative instinct in Englishmen, partly springing from the national character and partly created by the circumstances and the history of the country, upon which we may safely rely as a protection against innovations of a revolutionary character. Great and salutary reforms we shall no doubt see within the next few years; and no one can doubt that there is a large field for them. The whole spirit and tone of our Administration will be invigorated and will be rendered more popular; but no one who has observed the feebleness and vacillation of our national policy during recent years can deny that this will be an immense advantage. But the fundamental institutions of the country—amongst which we do not, of course, reckon the Irish Church—are not likely to be in any danger if those who are interested in them, and who are their proper guardians, only do their duty. The Earl of Stanhope, on Monday last, expressed a hope that, notwithstanding the tide of democracy has burst in upon the land, the higher and more educated classes will not desert their country or abandon political life. We cordially agree with his lordship, and beg to congratulate him on his own heroic resolution not "to despair of the Republic," even although we have got household suffrage. The higher classes may still retain their position in English political life, if they show themselves alive to the wants of the times, and do not close their minds to the ideas of the age. They cannot henceforth thwart, but they may lead, guide, and regulate the movements of the people; nor do we see any reason to doubt that, under a franchise which will admit almost all Englishmen who really care for them to the enjoyment of political rights, all ranks may work together in harmony for the benefit of their common country.

The Conservative Government have done a great and substantially a good work in spite of themselves. They may or may not have "dished" the Whigs; they may or may not have secured for themselves a prolonged lease of power. But they have at any rate been instrumental in doing a great act of political justice to classes who have been too long kept without the pale of the constitution; and although they have sacrificed their principles and falsified their professions, it must be confessed that the country has been a great gainer by the reckless disregard for political consistency which they have exhibited under the guidance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

#### IRISH NATIONAL EDUCATION.

A STRANGE fatality seems to watch our rule in Ireland. In most vital matters, until the present generation, it has been the government of a caste, weak, timorous, and tyrannical; in many things even now it is the government of an alien race, not caring or not able to comprehend the wants and rights of the governed. In one department of administration alone can it be said that English politicians have endeavoured to deal with Ireland in an enlightened spirit of justice; in that alone have they achieved a creditable measure of success. Yet there, where it is in the right, English policy meets with as embittered an opposition as in those cases where it is hopelessly in the wrong. The Irish Liberal members of the House of Commons assail the just and liberal system of secular education which their country has now enjoyed for a generation with as much acrimony as they attack the insulting supremacy of the Church Establishment or the iniquities of territorial monopoly. We have merited the irony of this Nemesis by our shortsighted selfishness. Our past conduct has given the people good cause to fear our "Grecian gifts," and to reject them even when they may be worth taking. We have transmuted the Catholics of Ireland into a nation of Ultramontanes; we cannot be surprised if Ultramontanism is true to its nature, and shows itself pertinaciously aggressive. The *parti prêtre* in Ireland, thanks to our infatuated obstinacy, has been dominant for about fifteen years, and within that time has waged unceasing war with the secular scheme of education. We do not speak at present of university education, which has lately been discussed in the House of Commons; but we refer to a still later debate, which took place about a week ago on the question of Primary Education. On going into Committee of Supply on the vote for Irish Education, Sir John Gray, the member for Kilkenny, attacked the entire National System, in a speech nominally on the subject of reducing the estimate for the Model Schools. The arguments by which he attempted to support his position were the stock ones, which indeed are about the most contemptible that can be imagined. We fear, however, that questions of this sort are usually decided rather upon considerations of expediency than on considerations of principle. Sir John Gray, a Protestant, has shown himself ready on all occasions, whether in journalism or in Parliament, to do the dirty work of the extreme section of the Catholics in Ireland. He is a man of some reputation for ability, and, for the credit of his land, we are unwilling to believe that he really meant the arguments which he advanced against the secular system in Ireland to be seriously accepted as conclusive. They were mainly the following:—First, that the existing system in Ireland had failed as an educational machinery; secondly, that it had failed in its object of mixing the sects; thirdly, that it had been employed as a machinery for proselytizing by Protestants; lastly, that it differs from the educational system of England, and therefore places Ireland in a position of inferiority. We traverse every one of these assertions. We contend that the National Board has been eminently successful in educating the Irish people, that it has succeeded to a large extent in eradicating sectarian animosities, that it is free from all taint of proselytism, and that so far from Ireland having unequal rights with England in matters of education the reverse is the case.

The first three statements may be dealt with in a sufficiently summary way. With regard to the educational state of Ireland, as compared with that of England, the school statistics are all in favour of the former country. Sir John Gray and his supporters, however, decline to be bound by these statistics, and we for our part have no objection to follow them into a wider field. We ask any unprejudiced observer, who knows the agricultural population of both countries, to bear testimony to the facts. Is it not notorious that the generation which has grown up in Ireland within the past twenty years has received elementary education such as the English peasant rarely possesses? When The O'Connor Don tells us that only 41 per cent. of the population of Ireland can read and write, and thence infers the failure of the National System, he forgets to take into account two important elements which should not be omitted from such a calculation. He omits the fact that until within the present growing generation, Ireland was left uneducated through England's obstinate maintenance of a "religious" scheme of education, and that the emigration of the past eighteen years has drained away precisely the class which had taken advantage most fully of the mixed schools. Besides, a comparison between England and Ireland, to be just, must always be relative. It is not fair to compare a country where wages are so high as in England, with one where they are barely above starvation level. It is not less unfair than it



would be to demand the same amount of education in the skilled artisan of the metropolis, and in the "Dorsetshire labourer." But Sir John Gray does not lay so much stress on this point as on the second, namely, that the system has failed to *mix* Protestants and Catholics, and hence to attain its intended object. He supports this view by certain strange manipulations of figures. There are, he tells us, a number of schools under the Board, more than a third of the whole, in which there are no Protestant pupils. No doubt. There are very many parishes in Ireland in which there are no Protestants at all, and many more in which there are only a few of the higher classes. This, in fact, is one of Sir John Gray's stock arguments against the Church Establishment. The National System is hardly to be blamed if in such parishes mixed schools are not to be met with. But he goes on to complain that the remaining two-thirds are chiefly presided over by teachers of one creed—a teacher of a mixed creed, would certainly be rather a theological curiosity; but, we take it, the objection refers to the masters and mistresses being chosen out of the same sect. The male and female teachers are usually, as Sir John Gray must know, man and wife; and, considering that the Irish priesthood are hostile to intermarriages with Protestants, it is rather hard that he should look for a class of "mixed couples" to satisfy his zeal for educational symmetry. In fact, the religion of the teacher is in practice a matter of no consequence, except so far as it may tend to put him in accord with the pastor of the majority in his parish. He is forbidden to interfere in matters of religion, and he never does interfere. Sir John Gray's wanton aspersions on the character of the teachers and patrons conveyed in his charges of proselytism were unsupported by the least show of argument. He could only quote Archbishop Whately's rather foolish anticipations of "the fall of Romanism" by the influence of education—anticipations in which every zealous Protestant since Luther's time has indulged, and which have uniformly been disappointed. These dreams, such as they are, do not contemplate any proselytism; and in practice Sir John Gray's clients can have no cause to fear it. Out of 6,483 schools under the Board in Ireland, on his own showing 4,937 are in the hands of Catholic teachers.

It is the example of England, however, that Sir John Gray takes as his main argument against the Irish plan. It is this example, chiefly, which ought, we think, to determine liberal and enlightened Englishmen against the changes for which he calls. Can anything be more unsatisfactory than the state of education here? Squabbles about the Conscience Clause; squabbles about Training Colleges; squabbles about the distribution of State Aid; squabbles about Inspection. We have a miserable mixture of fluctuating private enterprises and indiscriminating powerless Government interference. Shall we apply such a system to Ireland, where religious jealousies are so bitter? Or if we would, could we apply it to Ireland? We should say not. Ireland is too poor to undertake the burthen of private contributions which England pays as the condition of obtaining the aid of the State. Ireland could not, if she would, undertake two-thirds of the cost of her educational system. And if not, how could the State, which is neutral here, which only aids the denominations, and does not maintain them, take up a different position in Ireland? The minority of Protestants in that country is small, but it has a right to be considered as much as the Nonconformist minorities here, or even a greater right, as being less able to erect and keep up schools of their own. We have found it impossible to make the English clergy deal fairly with the Dissenters. How many and how stringent Conscience Clauses would we need to control the Catholic priesthood?

#### MR. DISRAELI'S VICTORY.

Now that the battle has been fought, and the cloud of words has somewhat cleared away, we may, perhaps, be better able to see who are the victors. The Tory papers claim the victory for Mr. Disraeli. The Ultra-Liberals are silent. More cynical politicians are inclined to pronounce the latter half of Sir Richard Bulstrode's saying upon the Royalists and Parliamentarians at Edgehill, "*uterque victus*." And the battle has not been unlike that of Edgehill. The Tories have enjoyed the advantage of ground and discipline. The Liberals have been divided and dispirited. Yet it is only Edgehill in appearance, and in the fact that it is the first of the Parliamentary battles between the Liberals and Tories. In all else it is the Worcester or the Naseby of the Liberal cause. In every way have the Liberals defeated their traditional opponents. A year ago, such a victory was despaired of by the most earnest Reformers.

There is no need to print side by side the Tory Reform Bill, with all its limitations and safeguards as originally proposed by Mr. Disraeli, and the Liberal Reform Bill which has now passed. It is enough to show that, on nearly every single point for which the Liberals contended, Mr. Disraeli has met with overwhelming defeat. Everything that he did the Liberals undid. He made plural votes, and the Liberals unmade them. He manufactured voting-papers, and the Liberals destroyed them. He joined Durham and London Universities, and the Liberals separated them. When he retrograded, the Liberals shoved him forward. For every step he went back, they shoved him on two. Every time he stumbled, they put him firmer on his legs. They not only led him to the waters of Liberalism, but made him drink. When he packed the Boundary Commission, they made him unpack it. When he disqualified the compound-householders, they made him qualify them. When he disfranchised the large boroughs, they made him enfranchise them. Is this Mr. Disraeli's victory? because, if so, we gladly admit the defeat of the Liberals. But do men call capitulation victory? because this was Mr. Disraeli's victory. One by one he gave up his fancy-franchises. One by one he handed up his safeguards. Another such Tory victory, and the Liberal cause is for ever safe. Whatever tunes the Liberals chose to pipe, they made Mr. Disraeli dance to. And the Tory papers, in their exultation, now cry out—Didn't he dance well? We cannot even give him this faint praise. He didn't dance, but simply capered on red-hot bricks.

Such is the history of the present Reform Bill. It owes its existence to Mr. Disraeli's inordinate vanity. He did not mind dancing on red-hot bricks, as long as he could be seen to dance. As Voltaire said of somebody,—he would not mind being hung, as long as his name was in the writ. And this is precisely Mr. Disraeli's case. He does not mind what he does as long as his own vanity is gratified. The whole history of his life is summed up in the single word—vanity. He is the same man that he ever has been. *Qualis ab incepto*. Whether we look at him in his early days on the hustings at High Wycombe, or in his maturer age criticising the conduct of the Crimean war, or still later bringing forward his so-called "Secret Treaty,"—whether we view him as regards the Paper-duty or India,—whether we look at his small party intrigues, or his would-be alliance with the Pope,—we find his policy ever dictated by the same uniform feelings of vanity and selfishness. To do him justice, he has never pretended to any political conscience. With Sir Pertinax Macsycophant he would say,—"Conscience! why you are mad! Did you ever hear of conscience in political matters? I have been in Parliament these three-and-thirty years, and never heard the term made use of before. Sir, it is unparliamentary." The annals of Mr. Disraeli's life are very simple. "Genius," he somewhere cries, is his motto. *Peccat fortiter* it should be. He has lately succeeded in uniting in his own person two functions which are generally separated. He has played the part both of gambler and "bonnet." He has gambled with the Liberal party, whilst he played the "bonnet" to the Tory. And his admirers now shout—Isn't he a clever fellow? he has deceived both. This has been Mr. Disraeli's victory. Cunning is now designated policy, and a retreat is called a triumph.

To the credit of such a feat Mr. Disraeli is indeed welcome. Whatever triumph he has gained let him enjoy. He has risen with the occasion. As far as present appearances go, he is the winner. His triumph, if not acknowledged, has been proclaimed. But we venture to say that his triumph is the ruin of the Tory party:—

"A maiden forsaken a new love may get,  
But the neck that's once broken can never be set."

Mr. Disraeli has broken the neck of the Tory party. Its intellect has gone one way and its heart another. But the intellect was shallow, whilst the love of the heart was deep. The Tory party can never again be what it was. The Peels, the Herberts, the Cecil, the Thynnes, have spoken the thoughts of the country squires. They hate the man who has led them to their so-called triumph. They have won the victory, but they have lost their honour. Their field of victory they find is a ditch. Instead of defeating the Whigs, they discover that they have helped the demagogues. Instead of strengthening the Crown, they perceive that they have aided democracy. In vain the Tory papers cry out,—"Toryism and Household Suffrage for Ever!" As for the Tory papers,—

"Ils chantent fort, quand ils gagnent la victoire,  
Plus fort encore quand ils sont bien battus,  
Chanter toujours est leur grande vertu;"

so that we are not surprised at their singing as loud a psalm just now over Mr. Disraeli's victory.



But the question of victory must be looked at from another point of view. As Cromwell and Hampden said after the battle of Edgehill—"We must weed our ranks; we must replace the serving-men and tapsters with true soldiers." And this is still more emphatically true when applied to the Liberals of the House of Commons than to the Parliamentarians at Edgehill. We Liberals must weed out of our ranks the Lowes, Doultons, Elchos, Neates, and Adullamites. They have been the men who have rendered the Liberal victory incomplete. The present battle, as we have said before, is, like Edgehill, only the beginning of the fight. We have still a long and weary campaign before us. There are the great battle-grounds of redistribution of seats, Church-rates, education, and the land question, upon all of which we shall have to fight. And no army, however brave, can hope to win whilst there are traitors in the ranks. So far we have indeed gained the day, and so far we ought to be thankful. Our victory is as great as it is unexpected. We have fought the Reform battle with our ranks disorganized. It will be our own fault if we do so again. Above all, let us beware of resting content. Cæsar's maxim must be ours. We have gained nothing until we have gained all. Personal representation must be next won. The small boroughs—the Dartmouths, Wallingfords, Lymingtons—must either be disfranchised, or, what will be still better, grouped with others. It is intolerable, too, that a single nobleman should, as in the cases of Malton, Stamford, or Marlborough, be able to return his own members. Anomalies such as these must be swept away next session. Then, and not till then, will the Liberal Reform victory be complete. Then we shall have representation established upon an intelligible basis. Then we shall have men entering Parliament as representatives of the people, and not as the nominees of some Whig or Tory nobleman. But this cannot be accomplished without much labour and self-denial. A good beginning has, however, this session been made. What is so well begun is certainly more than half won.

To return, however, to Mr. Disraeli and his victory. He has not himself been above the vulgarity of blowing his own praises. In the House of Commons he has sneered at those Reformers who have borne the heat and burden of the day, whilst at the Mansion House he became his own trumpeter. Few men have the effrontery to proclaim their own disgrace, and to laud a want of principle as a virtue. But Mr. Disraeli's maxim is the same as Danton's—"L'audace, l'audace, et encore l'audace." By continual reiteration he hopes to produce an effect. But it is in vain. The public are deaf to either boasts or blandishments. Before now the Tories have gained similar victories for the people; but the people do not thank the Tories for them. Nor will they thank Mr. Disraeli for the present victory. They know to whom it is due—to Gladstone, Bright, Mill, and the Liberal party at large. In the long run, the public are the best judges of a man's career. They know, too, how to apportion their gratitude, and the persecutor of Peel is not likely to be regarded, were he to carry twenty Reform Bills, as a public benefactor.

#### MR. AYRTON'S INDIAN RESOLUTIONS.

On Monday night the principles of our Indian Government were discussed at greater length and in a more spirited fashion than in any debate that has taken place since 1858. It will certainly be a strange coincidence if, for the second time, it should fall to the lot of a Conservative Government—an accident of an accident—to revolutionize British rule in the East. Mr. Disraeli must, after the performances of the past session, be pronounced capable of any political prestidigitation; and there is nothing in the antecedents of statesmen on the Tory side to forbid them from reforming in this direction. Lord Cranborne and Sir Stafford Northcote are fitter to be trusted with the task of improving Indian Government, than mere slaves, like Sir Charles Wood, to official traditions, or, like Earl de Grey, simply incompetent Whigs. The resolutions, therefore, which Mr. Ayrton moved on going into Committee on the Indian Revenue Accounts may very probably be the signal for a complete reconstruction of our rule in the East. At all events, the debate to which they gave rise was one of the most interesting to the statesman and to the philanthropist that has marked the present exciting and troubled session. It is true that Monday night's discussion look much better in the columns of the *Times* than it did in actual fact. There were never more than fifteen or sixteen members in the House, which was heated, as usual in warm weather, to an unhealthy, and almost dangerous pitch; many times during the minor speeches the Parliament of England was represented by half a

dozen indefatigable officials, and once, apparently, even Mr. Mill's indomitable endurance gave way, and the Liberal side of the House was left in the exclusive possession of Mr. Crawford, the member for the City. These facts may diminish the personal interest of the debate, but they cannot detract from its importance. Mr. Ayrton's articles of impeachment against our existing system of administration were tacitly admitted by speakers, official and otherwise, to be in the main well-founded; and, though his own scheme for altering and amending that system did not in all points meet with general approval, he seems to have grasped the defects firmly enough to point quite distinctly at least in the direction of improvement. A great portion of his able opening speech was taken up with observations on the opposition offered by the Indian Government to the extension of private enterprise and the investment of private capital in India. Mr. Ayrton himself is largely concerned in some of these schemes, so are Mr. Crawford and other members who take an active part in these debates; their testimony, therefore, in matters of detail is naturally exposed to the suspicion of being warped in some degree by personal feeling. But on the broad question, very few officials of English training will be found to impugn Mr. Ayrton's reasoning. None but a few civilians, with a few party catchwords and a few petrified ideas, now maintain the theory of that bad old school of Indian statesmen which used to contend for "a paternal Government," which, rather than give "interlopers" a chance of private trading by chartering an irrigation company, would decimate a province with famine; which has systematically excluded the subject races from all functions of citizenship except taxpaying, and then has coolly asked why they are disaffected. The theory of all this, we say, if not the practice is finally exploded. It is our task now to build up a substitute for it.

The fundamental question in Indian politics, as has been shown by the Orissa famine and every other great disaster of recent times, is a very simple one. Are we to govern on the autocratic or the oligarchic principle, by Governors or by Councils? Upon this point, which dwarfs indeed all other disputed matters, the debate of Monday night turned, and elicited, as usual, the most conflicting opinions. After a century of rule in India, we have not yet made up our minds on what principle we ought to base our government. Every legislative act of our Parliament is marked by this vacillation. Afraid to weaken the local authority of a governor, we bestow almost despotic power; then, terrified at what we have done, we provide that this power shall not be exercised, except with the consent of a majority in council. The Governor-General obtains the like power and the like limitations of it. Even the Secretary of State, whose omnipotence is supposed to be subject only to the theoretical supervision of the House of Commons, is compelled, before taking any important step, to consult the Council of India, and to read the opinionate and prejudiced minutes of fifteen or sixteen superannuated officials. This system works as we might expect it to work. In the multiplied grades and subdivisions and ramifications of authority, responsibility is dispersed, nullified, and lost. No man feels that upon him the ultimate issue, the praise or blame of a policy, good or evil, will fall. Hence we have Sir Stafford Northcote writing his despatch on the Orissa famine in language necessarily guarded, and seemingly weak. He is driven, by our system or no-system, to distribute blame most cautiously on this side and on that. A little to Sir John Lawrence, a little to the Council which overruled him when he wished to import rice into the starving province, a little to Sir Cecil Beadon, a little to the Board of Revenue of Bengal, a little to the officers of the Public Works Department. Nobody feels blame so parcelled out in scruples; nobody is taught a wholesome lesson; and so we shall probably drift on in our course of easy routine till it culminates in another famine or in another revolt. Lord Cranborne sees all this side of the question very plainly, and would remedy it, as we might suppose, by the establishment of a firm and resolute despotism, responsible at home but unchecked in immediate action. But how will this work? We cannot rely on getting a heaven-born genius for administrative purposes, and if we had one we might find some better use for him than sending him to India to die like Lord Canning or Lord Elgin. We must be content with plain unprejudiced men, and glad if we can get these. Unfortunately, there are few such or none to be found in the Indian services. It seems as if official life in the East has even a more narrowing effect than the life of a caste usually has. Indian civilians are able administrators, but they are not statesmen; and our recent attempts to turn them into statesmen have proved discouraging failures. It becomes necessary for us, therefore, to send out to India men of English training—men, that is, of necessity ignorant of official details. How can we deprive such men,



asks Mr. Mill, of the aid of a council? Shall we make experiments in statesmanship at the expense of the people of India? Mr. Mill, therefore, is in favour of councils, and his arguments have much weight. They would, indeed, be conclusive, if we could secure for our English-bred governors the assistance of councils who would teach the new-comers what India really needed, and not merely what the civilian caste desired. Is there the least chance of our being able to obtain such advising bodies under the present system?

There is not. Nothing of what Mr. Ayrton proposes, nothing of what Sir Stafford Northcote concedes, will avail to restore vigour to our Indian Administration. It has incurably broken down; it has failed, as Lord Cranborne and Mr. Mill, from different stand-points, decisively proved. If we want a radical cure we must apply a radical remedy. It will do no good to shift the worthless pawns on the board, as Mr. Ayrton does, to give a council here, to take one away there, to add members, to take away members, to shuffle responsibilities, as they have been shuffled often enough already. No doubt much of what Mr. Ayrton proposes may be, in detail, correct and useful. The Indian Budget is at present a disgraceful farce. It is just that it should be put as nearly as possible on the footing of the home financial statement; that Parliament should sanction the Indian expenditure before, not after, it has taken place. But no change of this sort affects the principles of government. Mr. Ayrton's resolutions still leave us the unfortunate alternative between autocracy, combined with ignorance, and divided responsibility tainted with class prejudice. There is only one way of avoiding this dilemma. There is a policy by which we can give English administrators the aid of councils which can really advise, which can represent fairly the feelings and necessities of India. That policy has long been urged by enlightened men in England; its rejection has caused the present difficulties. That policy would open to the natives of India a share in the government of their own country; it would content them by giving them careers, and consolidate our power by making our position at once tenable and easy to be relinquished.

#### THE WHITEBAIT DINNER.

THOSE are halcyon days when an old-established firm meet to divide the profits on the eve of the holidays, especially when its genial and sagacious chief presides with an air of infinite satisfaction and good will. Such was the whitebait dinner in the Palmerstonian era. The old man was gathered to his fathers, and the family party which had dined together once a year at the national expense gave place to others. But this time the scene had lost its charm, and the festivities at Greenwich assumed the tone of a "barring-out." The boys had rebelled against their masters, and though they ate their little fish as their masters had done, yet there was a presentiment of downfall and chastisement which threw cold water on the convivial instincts of the day. However, this mischief was staved off, and the dinner, which is just over, bore the impress of this change of circumstance. It was like a jollification after an Irish funeral. Toryism has gone to its last home; its venerable form has been wrapped in that shell which receives, equally, men and institutions; and the undertakers' party joined some of the relatives in a trip down the river to drink the health of the departed, and to wish its spirit a good passage over the Styx. Of course the genuine mourners did not attend the wake, and there must have been a slight awkwardness as the guests glanced at the empty seats of Cranborne, Carnarvon, and Peel. A dinner is not the season for meting out poetical justice, or Mr. Disraeli would have sat alone crowned with laurel whilst the satellites of Downing-street handed round the dishes on bended knee, unless some relaxation in etiquette had been made in favour of Lord Cairns. He might have been allowed to come in for dessert, but that he is now a free lance and therefore was not invited. In fact, from a social point of view, the entertainment must have been a failure. Though the Premier may have insisted that he saw his way clearly, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer may have declared himself, with ostentatious humility, their humble servant, the rank and file must have felt uncomfortable, as they consumed their hard-earned pottage. They must have been conscious that they sat above the salt merely through sufferance, and their flow of spirits must have been proportionately small. The heads of departments could not have fared better. Mr. Hardy and Sir Stafford Northcote must be aware that they have been mattresses between the chief and his bucolic retainers, and the position is not a flattering one. Sir John Pakington, indeed, has not had time for the discovery of his enter-

prising blunders; but Lord Stanley must have found the position of mute, which he undertook at the funeral, very irksome. As to the smaller fry, they have no right to complain, whether they are walking gentlemen in the serious piece, or third-rate characters in the finishing farce, as they are retained to make themselves generally useful. On the whole, we feel certain that the late dinner must have been divested of the patriarchal features, which distinguished it under the old régime.

In treating of men who have become or are likely to become historical, we are too apt to attach undue importance to their antecedents, as if the world could only judge of them in the whole piece. We seem to fancy that there must be some visible link between the maiden accents and the final confessions of our statesmen. For ourselves, this examination is too tentative and recondite, and accordingly we must get the best clue we can to the present by recurring to the past year and no farther. Not that at first sight it helps us much. For last August, as men were off to the Highlands, the chances were that the Government did not live to produce a Reform Bill, and it was any odds that they did not pass one. So the quidnuncs, leaving the present with a sneer, looked forward, and wisely, to the future. Matters were scarcely mended when the Resolutions were brought in with the apologetic air of a tradesman tendering his little account. Still, if the prospect was gloomy, as the items one by one were disallowed, the debtors at least acknowledged the existence of the debt, and the settlement became one of detail. So the head bookkeeper was permitted to re-examine his books and to amend his list of charges. Again he failed, whereupon a principal on the other side said he must draw up a sketch of his own liabilities. The original compiler naturally objected, but the firm was pliant, and he gave in. Proceeding on this basis, the prices were reduced amazingly, and, in fact, the goods were sold at an alarming sacrifice: so much so that some old-fashioned partners preferred to retire from the concern. The survivors took on fresh hands, reduced their business to one of limited liability, and did well on the smaller scale. They have put up a new shop-front and have advertised fresh wares. But the old connection is gone, the credit sensibly diminished, and ready-money payments have come into fashion. There is something soothing and ameliorative in the language of metaphor, and we have thought it wiser to put our criticisms into this courtly dress. We must do our best to gild the pill. Alas for the Commons of England, who have followed their "piper of Hamelin" so blindly! Alas for the Lords that they have danced so nimbly to the tune of the piper's deputy! Nobody ever doubted that the inmates of the Zoological could break their bars if they knew their power, and we hitherto have trusted to their ignorance. In like manner educated men were aware of what the mob could do, but it was left for Mr. Walpole to teach it; and we shall feel the results of his instruction for many generations. Mrs. Tulliver, we read, had a facility of doing things which drove men in the opposite direction to the one she desired. It is a talent which belongs to earnest, dull persons, an engine of many horse-power which is always running backwards, terrible to friends and useful to foes. We could have forgiven Mr. Walpole for having made mercy odious and justice contemptible, for the one case merely proved him incapable of understanding simple facts, and the other only showed undue scruples in taking a life which was due to the law; but we cannot forget that in his redileship Bradlaugh became Master of the Horse and Beales Dictator. In short, his term of office was one continued commentary in favour of the knaves. There is a story of an undergraduate whose papers on being examined were declared "bad enough to pluck a parish;" the late Home-Secretary was enough to destroy a nation, much more the body of statesmen who dined at Greenwich last week. But they threw over their Jonah—that is to say, they put him into a comfortable boat near land—and the threatened catastrophe was averted.

The sequel to the Reform epic is to be seen hereafter in the Irish Church, which will form the subject of next year's debates. There are signs of flinching in this quarter, as elsewhere. Perhaps the Conservatives will feel bound to carry out here the Scriptural injunction—"Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." The chief bitterness is the first half of the stage, and that is now over. Certainly, in spite of all traditions, Lord Derby has refused to bind his party in that direction; and this refusal, comparing it with the violation of all pledges about Reform, is tantamount to surrender at discretion. The abandonment of one loaf or one fish has a strong meaning from men who have sacrificed everything to the lust of office. The deanery of Emly is left unfilled, pending prospective change, and there must be a serious purpose in



whipping off from a piece of preferment the ecclesiastical hounds, who are so clamorous to be fed.

What of the squires? The antecedents of leaders, the wisdom of heads of departments, the political probity of individuals, however exalted, are mere trivialities compared with the general conduct of the once great Conservative party, except in so far as the old proverb of the madness of kings applies here. That fatal piper, we fear, has caught the whole body; for, in spite of the inducements of tradition, wealth, and social esteem to keep them within bounds, they have played truant. The virtues of the English squirearchy, and even its wives, have been our pride, our theme, but it has been outwitted. A Reform Bill must have come, but it would have come better from the other side. And we might then have looked with hope to the stout phalanx of squires to curb the supposed licentiousness of the "residuum." But these very men have fallen away. With a straight road before them, these cavaliers have followed their Rupert into a by-lane, to end, for aught they know, in a *cul-de-sac*. Repentance must be near when the leader himself has the witlessness to confess the truth that he has taken "a leap into the dark." However, the campaign hitherto has prospered, and the subordinates have so far been dragged "through dirt to dignities." We fear that the first will cling long after others are holding the second, and credulousness and instability are grievous faults in a veteran party. But the English nation is generous towards its servants, and will forget their shortcomings in the balance of their services. Also, we should remember that we are now started on our voyage, all of us upon unknown waters, and that in the common danger it should be the common endeavour to bring the vessel of our liberties safe to land.

#### THE PARKS REGULATION BILL.

UNDER ordinary circumstances, very few persons would be found to approve the conduct of a minority in the House of Commons "talking against time," in order to defeat a measure which has the approval of a majority. It is a use of the privilege of free speech which can only be justified by great provocation, and by a grievous abuse of power on the part of those who have for the moment the command of the House. But we do not hesitate to say that the Liberal members who resorted to this device for the purpose of defeating the Parks Regulation Bill had ample warrant for their conduct. When measures of the greatest public utility have been withdrawn on account of the late period of the session, and the impossibility of inducing our representatives to prolong the labours of an unusually protracted and fatiguing session, it is too bad that the Government, assisted by a compact body of their supporters, whom Mr. Disraeli once described as "the Janissaries of the Treasury Bench," should insist upon forcing through Parliament a measure which is certainly not one of urgency, which is open to the gravest objections, and the discussion of which at the present time is attended with an amount of irritation that will probably not exist in a future year. If we were to admit—which we do not—that it is expedient to prevent public meetings in Hyde Park, we should still be of opinion that it is inexpedient to deal with this subject until it can be approached with a coolness and impartiality which it is idle to expect under existing circumstances. However much the Government may disclaim any such motive the public cannot help suspecting that they were inspired by a desire to revenge the defeat of Mr. Walpole; and to compensate for the concessions which they have been obliged to make to agitation, by rendering it difficult, if not impossible, to hold any future political demonstrations on an imposing scale within the limits of the metropolis. The very fact that the Bill lately before the House could not be discussed without constant reference to the proceedings of Mr. Beales and the Reform League, is the best proof that this is a most inopportune time for ventilating the question. It is never desirable to stir the embers of past differences between the Government and the people; and it is particularly undesirable to do this when those differences are closely connected with controversies arising out of the distribution of political power and the relations between different classes of society. The most ordinary prudence would have counselled the Government to allow the matter to sleep for at least another year, until Reform leagues and Reform agitators had become things of the past, and their merits or demerits were no longer inextricably mixed up with the immediate subject under consideration. If, indeed, the rumours which circulate in what it is usual to describe as well-informed quarters are not altogether erroneous, that was the course which Mr. Disraeli and

one section of the Cabinet desired to take. But Mr. Hardy, we suppose, desired to show that he did not share the feebleness of his predecessor in office; and he had sufficient support from his colleagues to commit the Administration to a course which, as might have been anticipated, has resulted in their humiliating defeat. We could have understood the course adopted by these gentlemen, on their own theory of what it is right and proper to do, if there had been the least probability that the parks would become the scene of any large meeting during the recess. But, although the Home Secretary professed to believe that this is likely to be the case, his prediction has not the slightest plausibility. There is not a single question at present before the public of such a character as to lead to any important demonstration. Hyde Park is not likely to be selected as the place for small meetings. Even if it were, we cannot see what mischief would be done by a few insignificant gatherings in the large open space where they might be held without annoyance to any one; while the powers of the existing law are quite sufficient to enable the police to prevent obtrusive preachers or lecturers from thrusting their incoherent harangues upon the attention of those who are walking or riding in the portions of the Park usually devoted to these purposes. Legislation, even supposing it to be right, was therefore in nowise urgent, and might, with the greatest and the most obvious advantage, have been left over to a future year. The attempt to force it through a thin and languid House at the end of the session was an abuse of the power and influence of the Government. It was, therefore, very properly, and we are glad to be able to add, very successfully resisted by the only means available to those who desired to reserve a subject of such great importance for the further and more mature consideration of Parliament. The legislation proposed by the Government, was, indeed, not only ill-timed, but entirely mistaken. We cannot think it right to deprive the people of the occasional use of Hyde Park for the purposes of political demonstration, when this very Park is allowed to be used for so many other purposes which bring together crowds at least as great as Mr. Beales or any other agitator is ever likely to collect. It is idle to talk of allowing public meetings if you prevent them being held in the only places in which large assemblages can be convened; and it is not, and cannot be disputed, that in consequence of the spaces in which such gatherings were formerly held having been inclosed or built over, the parks and Primrose Hill are the only sites in the metropolis now available for the purpose. St. James's Park is no doubt, as Mr. Mill observed, unsuitable for the meeting of large bodies of men; but no one has ever been able to show that the slightest public inconvenience ever was, or ever can be, caused by a quiet and peaceable meeting, such as that recently held by the Reform League, in the open ground on the north side of Hyde Park. It is true, as Mr. Hardy says, that there have been meetings which were not peaceable; but it is not necessary to have a Parks Regulation Bill in order to suppress them. It is the duty of the police to prevent riotous conduct in Hyde Park or anywhere else; they have ample power to do this; and it was wholly unreasonable to demand that orderly meetings should be prohibited for the purpose of saving the force the trouble of putting down disorderly assemblies. Of course, there cannot be the slightest objection to defining the portion of the Park within which meetings may be held in such a way that persons riding or walking may not be interfered with; but under some regulation of that kind, Hyde Park is large enough for the accommodation of all. It is said, indeed, that the traffic of the streets is interrupted by those who are resorting to or leaving a meeting held in Hyde Park. But it is clear that this can only happen when such a meeting is on a very large scale; and that is a thing that will not take place unless the people have, or think they have, some serious grievance to complain of, or some important object to attain. When that is the case it is far better that the West-end shopkeepers should endure some obstruction to their business for a portion of the day than that the free expression of public opinion and feeling should be suppressed. After all, there are things to be cared for besides trade and unimpeded locomotion, and it is worth while to suffer now and then the slight annoyance which arises from a crowded street, in order that the vigour, freshness, and energy of English political life may be maintained. Besides, the Government Bill did not in any way interfere with processions, which must cause just as much inconvenience wherever might be their destination, and whether they are or are not subsidiary to the holding of a meeting. It is impossible not to see that the real objection to meetings in Hyde Park is that they ruffle the serenity of the West-end atmosphere; but we concur with those who argue that that is



precisely the reason why it is well that they should be held there. It is expedient that the opinions of the "lower" should sometimes be pressed upon the attention of the "upper" classes, and there is no doubt that a meeting in Hyde Park is the most effectual mode of attaining this end. A gathering at Primrose Hill, where no one would see it or know anything about it, would not produce half the effect of one held in the heart of the town. It would never do to allow the expression of public opinion in London to be limited to an out-of-the-way spot on its extreme northern boundary. And there is certainly no time at which we should be less disposed to consent to this than on the day after a great popular victory, which we owe in no slight degree to the impression produced upon the governing classes by the near approach of agitation to their own hearths and homes. The very reasons which made the Government and Lord Elcho anxious to give a "lesson" to Mr. Beales and his associates, are the reasons why we rejoice that the attempt has so signally failed.

The Government exhibited in their management of this Bill, which they were at last compelled to withdraw, as much want of tact and prudence as has ever been displayed under similar circumstances. When Tuesday's discussion had shown that the opponents of the measure were determined to use to the uttermost the power which the forms of Parliament placed within their reach, the Home Secretary might have retired with a certain amount of grace and credit from an untenable position. Instead of that he resorted to what we can hardly characterize as anything but a parliamentary "dodge." His offer to withdraw the first clause of the Bill, prohibiting public meetings, while he retained the second and third, under which the ranger of the Park might attain the same object by making regulations to be enforced by summary proceedings before a magistrate and a fine of £5, was so obviously illusory that it is difficult to conceive how he could imagine that any one would be taken in by it. Indeed if the Bill had been amended in the manner proposed it would have been rather more objectionable than it was before, since it would have thrown upon a member of the Royal Family a responsibility which, if assumed at all, should be borne by the Parliament or the Government. It would be objectionable enough that the public should be prevented from meeting in the parks by an Act of Parliament, but it would have been intolerable that they should be excluded or admitted, at the pleasure of a Royal Duke. It is not of course "difficult to forecast the manner in which such a power would have been exercised if the House of Commons had, unfortunately, granted it. But if any doubt had existed on the point, it would have been removed by the refusal of the Government to accept or even to notice the suggestions repeatedly thrown out in the course of the discussion, that a portion of the Park should be set apart for meetings conducted in an orderly and peaceable manner. If they had been disposed to meet their antagonists fairly, that is an offer with which they would have readily closed; and the fact that they did not do so was a sufficient proof that in abandoning the first clause they did not abandon the avowed object of the measure. Under these circumstances nothing was left to the Liberal members but to persist in their opposition until they could enlist the assistance of Mr. Disraeli, in overawing the stubbornness of his imprudent subordinate. The battle was fought with a patience and perseverance worthy of great praise; and, as every one knows, the result was a complete success. Mr. Hardy gave way when concession had lost all grace, and when neither he nor the Government could claim any credit for a tardy and unwilling retreat. It is to be hoped that they will take to heart the lesson they have received. The events of the last two years ought to convince them that although they may regulate the manner in which the public shall use the Park for political demonstrations, nothing but disaster can attend any attempt to enforce an absolute prohibition. The vigour of Mr. Hardy has broken down in the effort as completely as the feebleness of Mr. Walpole. It may safely be predicted that a persistence in the same course will be attended with the same result; and unless the Government are enamoured of defeat, and greedy of humiliation, they will base the measure which we are promised for next year upon some principle less sweeping and less objectionable than the right of the Crown to prevent the expression of political opinion in the parks which are the property of the nation.

#### THE FONTAINEBLEAU MURDER.

MADAME FRIGARD has been found guilty of the murder of Madame Mertens, with extenuating circumstances, and has been sentenced to penal servitude for life. It is not easy to

discover what features of extenuation her case presents, unless poverty is regarded by French juries as a temptation which human nature is not strong enough to resist, even when the crime it prompts is of the most heinous character. If that is their opinion, it has compensated Madame Frigard for the cross-examination to which French law subjects even a prisoner who is on trial for her life. Had she been tried before an English jury, though our juries sometimes do remarkably stupid things, we cannot doubt that a verdict of guilty would have been recorded against her without any qualification, and that she would have been hanged. A more deliberate and cold-blooded murder was never committed even by a woman, and our own criminal annals supply us with abundant testimony how naturally it seems to fall within the competence of female nerves to perpetrate the most atrocious murders with the greatest *sang-froid*. Madame Frigard may take her place in the same niche of infamy in this respect as our own Catherine Wilson, alias Barber, whom we hanged five years ago for poisoning her bosom friend while nursing her in an illness which but for her the poor lady would never have had. Madame Frigard was the bosom friend of her victim too, and in her case, as well as Wilson's, money was the temptation. The antecedent probabilities in Frigard's case were against her guilt. She seems in the better state of her husband's circumstances to have conducted herself irreproachably. When he became unfortunate in business as a silkmercer at Caen, she appears to have bid farewell to all sense of propriety, and, though a wife and a mother, she did not scruple to perform the infamous office of a pander to her victim. "Load me with your contempt," she said to the judge; "I am the first to blush myself for the part I played in ministering to her pleasures; but my children wanted bread. To such things poverty brings one." Of course Madame Frigard had the requisite qualities of pander and murderess very near the surface, or she would not so quickly have developed them on the failure of her husband's business. The temptations of poverty fell upon fertile soil. For a time she seems to have endeavoured to refit her shattered fortunes by dabbling in spiritualism, alchemy, and similar baits for fools. But these would appear to have been an unprofitable speculation. It was not until she made the acquaintance of Madame Mertens that she had any hope of fulfilling her ambition, which was to purchase the good-will of an Italian warehouse, in the market for sale at 9,000 francs.

Madame Mertens was a Belgian, the widow of a carrier, who, dying some time ago at Boulogne-sur-Mer, left, let us trust, his worse half to her own devices. They were not laudable ones. She is said to have been a young woman of singular beauty, which in her case proved truly a fatal gift. After her husband's death, whatever may have been her previous conduct, she gave herself up to a life of unrestrained immorality, and her fascinations were such that she seems to have inspired young men of a superior order in point of talent and position with a passion worthy of a virtuous object. Between her and them Madame Frigard acted as a medium, and it was no doubt partly by this infamous means that she obtained an influence over the wretched woman. No two women would at first sight appear less likely to be intimate: the one youthful, beautiful, and of exuberant spirits; the other a faded elderly little woman, with a sinister expression of face, not agreeable to look upon. But mind will beat matter; and it is clear from the ability and readiness with which she met the examination of the judge that Madame Frigard has a clear and powerful intellect, as far as it goes, which exercised over the younger woman a control she could not resist. No more singular fact was brought to light in the course of the trial at Melun than Madame Mertens' suspicion that her "friend" had some evil purpose in view. This suspicion is repeatedly alluded to in the unfortunate creature's letters to one of her lovers, who in a reply written from the Hague, and dated two days after her death, speaks of Madame Frigard as "that spirit of evil always at your side, seeking to entwine you by all means—that demon, vomited by hell, whose influence, in spite of yourself, you seem to submit to," and against whom he warns her in earnest and prophetic terms. The warning came too late; but if it had come in time it would probably have been thrown away. Madame Frigard had got the young widow absolutely under her control. Whatever suspicions the latter entertained, she had either abandoned herself to the influence of her friend in spite of them, or she was a person of so frivolous a temper that they were powerless to rouse her to resistance. This would seem to be the more probable theory. When the coachman who drove them to the forest of Fontainebleau, from which one of them was not to return alive, left them there, Madame Mertens was in the highest spirits, singing and dancing with exuberance of joy. It is supposed, with probability,



that some short time afterwards she lay down and fell asleep, and that, while in that state, Madame Frigard, who had watched beside her as a panther watches its prey, sprang upon her, seized her by the throat, and pressed her knee upon her stomach with such fatal effect that in six seconds the woman was dead. The next day, and for several days afterwards, peasants, and others, passing to their work along one of the highroads through the forest, saw a woman, some little distance from the road, lying upon the grass, with her parasol over her face. For a time they thought nothing of this, but at last it seemed strange that the same figure should so constantly be there, in that same spot, and having her face shaded with the same parasol. One of them having ventured to go near, it came out that the woman was dead. Decomposition had proceeded so far that the worms were busy on part of the poor creature's face, and this, for a time, gave rise to the idea that Madame Mertens had been killed, and partly eaten, by wolves. But the wolf that had killed her was in Paris completing her contract for the Italian warehouse with her bosom friend's money. She had indeed been busy with it before she murdered her. She had forged her name to a draft on the Comptoir d'Escompte for 4,000 francs, with which she met the first instalment of the price of the warehouse, sent money to her husband, and indulged her own taste for jewellery. She had also begun to treat Madame Mertens to little dinners, and to arrange pleasant excursions for her. The last of these was the trip from Paris to Fontainebleau. There they slept for the night, and next morning went into the forest, from which Madame Frigard only returned. She told the people of the hotel at Fontainebleau that she had lost her friend, but was sure that she would be able to find her way to the railway station. But Madame Frigard, in order to pay her bill, had to sell a brooch to a jeweller in the place, and for that purpose had to leave her address with him. With the fatuity common in such cases, she gave him the correct one, and when the body of her friend was afterwards discovered, the police had no difficulty in tracing her. The facts that came out upon the investigation which was then set on foot, leave no doubt of her guilt. There is even reason to suspect that before she strangled her victim she had, upon several occasions, endeavoured to poison her. It was proved that frequently after they dined together, Madame Mertens became drowsy, and at other times sick, and the explanation which the prisoner gave of this fact was pronounced by medical testimony to be impossible. It is clear that the murder was committed while the deceased was asleep, and about one hour after the last meal. Oddly enough, they did not breakfast at the hotel at Fontainebleau where they slept, but at a restaurant in the forest, well known to painters, and called "Franchard." On her return to Paris after the murder, Madame Frigard went to Madame Mertens' lodgings, and possessed herself of the requisite papers for drawing the remainder of the deceased's money on the following day. Many other facts were proved which place her guilt beyond a doubt, and certainly we can recall no case more deserving of capital punishment, if any case deserves it. It is horrible to think of the long premeditation with which the murder was entertained, and the fiendlike tenacity of purpose with which it was executed.

#### AUDIENCES IN PARLIAMENT.

LORDS and Commons are consciously unconscious of the presence of strangers. Only when a division is called do our senators recognise their existence. Not many years ago the Speaker's "Strangers must withdraw" swept out of sight and earshot all but members. Even now the Peers' seats under the clock-gallery of the Commons, and the ambassadors' seats in that gallery have to be vacated as soon as the otherwise unmeaning formula announces that the ordeal of numbers is about to be resorted to. The more plebeian parts of the "auditorium" remain undisturbed, and the reporters no longer have ignominiously to "exit" at the most critical point of their duties. One result is, that divisions are taken more quickly. Another is, that a visit to the gallery is decidedly more interesting than it used to be. This year we have had hardly any very exciting divisions—none approaching in intensity the two great contests of last session. But even dullish divisions impress spectators considerably. The trooping out of members up and down the House respectively; the languid gossip of the tellers—often men who have just been eloquently belabouring each other—as the members sheer off; the formal declaration that the House is cleared; the noiseless return of members to their seats from either end of the House, while the "one, two, three" of the tellers without is drowned in the increasing hum of conversation within; the crowding and congestion at the

bar; the calm expectancy of the clerk at the table; the appearance of the tellers of the vanquished numbers a little before those who have counted the victors; the hasty whisper to the leaders on each side of the number in the beaten lobby; the quick rush of the tellers from the other lobby to the table; the handing of the paper to the senior teller for the side which wins; the marshalling in line half-way down the floor with the holder of the paper on the right hand end of the line; the cheer which will not let the numbers be heard; the cheer which greets them when they are heard; the counter-cheer which bespeaks unbroken spirit in the defeated ranks; and then the subsidence into the next business, often a matter of difficulty through the buzz which prevails; these and many other details make a division in the Commons one of the most notable sights in the world. Even "strangers" are better off in this age of universal felicity than they used to be, and can see and hear without hindrance what used to be a mystery. In the Lords there is rather more to be seen, though there is rather less excitement. There the Lord Chancellor says blandly, "Strangers must withdraw," or if their Lordships are in Committee, Lord Redesdale, the chairman, says curtly, "Clear the bar." Then the space within the throne rails and the spaces at the bar are cleared by the ushers, the sand-glass, as in the House of Commons, is turned, and Peers, when any number of them are in attendance, begin to troop in. When the sands run out, the question is not put again, as in the Commons, but "the Contents go out to the right by the throne, and the Non-contents by the left bar." While they are dispersing, your audience in the gallery behind the reporters, your audience in the few miserable seats devoted to the Commons, and your audience in striped silks and muslins, whom the light brass-railed gallery round the House so airily supports, watch the dispersing and retreating throng of nobles. Four of them stay at the table, however, till the rest of the Peers have retired, and your several audiences observe that each of these takes from the table a short wand about as long as an undertaker's, but white and tipped with a crown or something else as ornamental or symbolic. These Peers are the tellers. Unlike those of the Lower House, they do their work in the House. There is a sort of wicket gangway at the bar. Through this one party re-enters, and as each Peer passes into the House proper, two of the tellers count him with a gentle touch of their staves and call out the growing numbers one by one. The same process goes on at the door on the left of the throne, and continues till both sides are told. But the spectators here have no dramatic climax to delight them. The members are simply called at the table, and the cheers are languid and soon over. Such in both Houses is the most spectacular of the incidents which, in the course of a year, many hundreds of casual visitors, and not a few *habitués*, witness from the various points of vantage which are attainable by "strangers." Of course, to the most intelligent observers the turns and twists of debate are even more interesting, and nothing is more noticeable to the regular attendant of the debates than the varying character of the audiences who follow the different debates. An overflow of white ties denotes an impending ecclesiastical conflict as distinctly as Admiral Fitzroy's storm-signals denoted atmospheric commotion. There are faces which seen in the Speaker's gallery mean Church-rates as absolutely as the letters which spell the words. The presence of some members of the Ambassadorial or Consular corps signifies little very often, for the gallery is to them no more than a mild dissipation. So it is with some Peers. No one thinks anything will happen because Lord Houghton flutters over the scene in which he had his being when he was gradually growing out of the fondly-cherished belief that no poet could live beyond eight-and-thirty. But when Granville leans his smiling face upon his arm over the clock, and Kimberley gazes with a complacency rather too eager to be serene upon the cock-pit, of debate; when the gaunt Clanricarde and the Puritan Ebury observe, with severity of mien, the gathering of the representative clans, the audience is a better guide than the playbill—the gallery tells you more surely than the notice-paper that something is expected. At other times, when the House is the very reverse of excited, and when the audiences are unusually small, they are also uncommonly select and earnest. Such an audience the other night sat in rows beneath the gallery by the bar to hear Sir Cecil Beadon denounced and Sir John Lawrence called in question. Who were these iron-grey or white-headed gentlemen, of aspect calm and formal, whose every observation might have been a docket, and who, when they spoke at all, either gave each other *précis* of the debate in a sort of vocal foolscap, or primed Mr. Mill, who was continually in communication with them, with good official justifications or explana-



tions of all that Orissa had suffered? These were the Indian Councillors, and they sat as unmoved as if deliberating "in writing" at their Board-room table, to hear their late superior, Lord Cranborne, who well knew they were present, describe councils in general as inventions of Old Nick. Present yourself in the lobby on another day, probably a morning sitting will be best, and the whole *entourage* of the House appears to have taken a peculiarly British and beefy aspect. Here abound on this occasion men well dressed, but not in the latest fashion; men of much but not modish shirt-front, men with plain solid double black ties and a distinct preference for gold studs; men not remarkable for keeping their gloves on, and yet men whose hands look best ungloved; men mostly of middle age, of a rhetorical habit of conversational speech, but of no fixed pronunciation of the language they so ponderously wield; men remarkably wayward in their aspirates; men appreciative of oratory, but restless withal; men who do not mind saying, as they emerge from the Speaker's Gallery, from time to time, being "all right" with the messengers, and having a comfortable *rentrée* provided for them, "This is hall very well, but is this Beer Bill to come hon or not?" These gentlemen, decorous, neat, and sober to a fault, have a lurking curiosity to know "what their sherry's like here," and not unfrequently relieve the tedium of debate with "nips" in the Lobby. On certain days they are as well known and recognised here as Mr. Ayrton (their particular friend) or Mr. Charles Buxton (who has a considerable number of them under his thumb). And they wield a great power, for these well-broadclothéd, gold-studded men are the "wittlers," and, leaving out the county members, you won't need to count your fingers many times over to estimate the number of Parliament men who can afford to say or to vote what they really think of them. Fortunately, they have mostly days of their own, and mingle little with the throng of various sightseers and quidnuncs to whom beer is not the be-all of political life. Perhaps the fairest specimen of a true House-of-Commons audience is to be found when the session is neither too young nor too old, when country people and foreigners have begun to come to London, and Londoners have not seriously begun to leave it, when parties are neither intensely struggling nor wearily dormant, when the best places are not engrossed by certain invariable field-day *habitués*, but when the demand is brisk enough to keep the House full and not so overwhelming as to make the audience homogeneous. Then, casting your eye around, you perceive a Strangers' Gallery in which the lottery of first come first served has secured places for a crowd as entirely promiscuous as a well-dressed crowd can be. A Speaker's gallery immediately below it, in which the ruddy squire, the sleek parson, the stubble-headed Dissenting divine, the Oxford-mixture looking University man, the local magnate, and the mere tourist, sit side by side in miscellaneous vicinity, and apparently with the vaguest notions of who is who, and what is going on. Occasionally one cranes over into the gangway, and asks a passing messenger a question. Then along the serried rows the precious information passes, and, for a time, a new intelligence seems to pervade the pen of gazers. Below them, again, and immediately over-looking the body of the House, is the single row of seats devoted to the diplomatic body. Glance along it, and you may see Mr. Adams, Mr. Ionides, or some young attachés; very rarely any prominent representative of the great European Powers. Then glance beneath—we are looking from the Press gallery above the Speaker—and on either side of the bar are the Peers' seats. There may be seen, at various times, almost all the notables of London, bishops, newspaper proprietors, authors and guardsmen, lords and lion-hunters. Here sat last Tuesday from two o'clock till five, in state, while the Home Secretary fatuously ministered to their importance, the burly Beales, the Boulevardish Dickson, and the melodramatic Mason Jones. Who is there one has not seen in these sacred seats, from Carlyle leaning on his staff, and brooding over mud-gods, and Tennyson who seems to enjoy Parliament as much as the merest newspaper reader, to the smallest adherent or most hardworked fag of the merest "member for an important constituency"? Nor must it be forgotten, though it is a fact descriptive writers are prone to overlook, that there are many people in every audience whose exterior says nothing particular about them, and who can only be taken as units in the mass. To the other audiences in Parliament must be added the two side-galleries of members. On important nights these are very full, and there seem to be a certain number of members who hardly ever sit anywhere else. Here, too, sleep, on occasion, some of the most watchful of our senators. The snore of a certain great Protestant warder is often heard in the corner where still oftener the Chaplain of the House and the Secre-

tary of the Speaker sit to hear the debates. These gentlemen are the only non-Parliamentary auditors admitted to the actual House, the portals of which, it is well known, are jealously guarded by discreet and experienced janitors. As for the ladies, their unfortunate position behind the quasi-conventual grille, which conceals them from view is now matter of great notoriety. Attendance in the Ladies' Gallery is a sort of fanaticism, often arising out of a conjugal devotion and sometimes out of social ambition. The sacrifice is very great—decidedly too great for mere pleasure-seekers. In the House of Lords the gallery visitors sit immediately over the heads of the reporters and writers for the press. They amuse themselves very freely by asking questions of these gentlemen at the most critical moments of the debates. Of late some of them have addicted themselves besides to listening to, and reporting, the free and easy observations made in the Press gallery upon the bores and maniacs of their lordships' House. So much for Parliamentary audiences. The session is expiring, and as Charles Mathews the first observed, in his entertainment, when a condemned malefactor was reprieved, "We are losing all our amusements."

#### ASSIZE COURT AMENITIES.

WE have often seen very unpromising materials produce the most unexpected results; but until Lord Chief Justice Bovill and Mr. Edward James, Q.C., turned their attention to the amusement of the public, nobody could have had any notion of the amount of enjoyment of which the Nisi Prius side of an assize court was capable. We naturally form high expectations from a London alderman exercising those powers of summary conviction with which, for some inscrutable reason, the law clothes him, and from those courts of inferior jurisdiction which, as described by Mr. G. A. A'Beckett, "often extract merriment from a dry subject by rendering law a burlesque and justice a farce;" but that a superior court of common law should attain to all the liveliness of a bear-garden is something quite unprecedented, and a piece of good fortune on which provincial loungers cannot too highly congratulate themselves. Those members of the Bar and Bench who have on former occasions entertained the public with "scenes" had the advantage of being supported by some good reason for their collisions. When Erskine stood up against his old tutor, Mr. Justice Buller, in those words of defiance which have been commemorated by a statue in Lincoln's-Inn Hall, he was struggling, not to assert his own importance, but to secure the interests of his client. The judge and counsel here, however, were without any of these advantages. Lord Chief Justice Bovill represented nothing more formidable in the way of tyranny than his own self-will, and Mr. James defended nothing of any greater importance than his own vanity. In neither of the squabbles which have been presented to the public does a single principle of any importance, seem to have been in dispute. The first arose in consequence of the judge, during the progress of a case, having certain delivery orders, which were put in evidence by the plaintiff, handed up to him that he might take a note of their contents, instead of leaving them to be read, as is the ordinary practice, by the officer of the court. Mr. James, who appeared for the defendant in the action, objected to this course, as being at variance with the usual practice, and one would have imagined that he desired the papers to be read aloud in the usual way. If, however, we may form any conclusion from the termination of the discussion, the judge having been put in the wrong, it was a matter of very little importance whether he was set right or not.

"The Judge. . . . Do you wish these papers to be read by the officer of the court?"

[Mr. James did not reply.]

The Judge: That is the deference you pay to the court. This is not the first time I have had occasion—

Mr. James: Really this is most distressing.

The Judge: I asked you in terms loud enough for any gentleman to hear if you wished these papers to be read.

Mr. James. Your lordship is the only gentleman on the Bench who makes these remarks. There must be some cause—

The Judge: I spoke in terms loud enough to be heard. I asked if the Attorney-General wished these papers to be read?

Mr. James: I do not wish them to be read."

The next encounter, which occurred a few days afterwards, was still more discreditable, as being an affair even less connected with the business in which the court and jury were supposed to be occupying themselves. In the course of the examination of the witnesses for the defence, Mr. James



complained that one of his witnesses had been subjected to two cross-examinations—one by the counsel and one by the judge. He subsequently corrected the judge whilst reading his notes of the evidence of one of the witnesses, and thereupon the judge said:—

“I must beg you not to contradict so peremptorily.

Mr. James: My lord, I did not; but I must insist on the rights of the Bar, and I will have them.

The Judge: And you shall have them; but you must respect the position of the judge who presides.

Mr. James: I do respect the position.

The Judge: And I very much regret to hear a leader of the Bar make use of such expressions conveyed in such terms and in such a manner.

Mr. James: I am sorry there should be occasion for it.”

That unwashed section of the community which represents the British public in our courts of justice, and contributes in no small degree to the imperfect ventilation of these tribunals, will of course thoroughly appreciate such lively passages as these. To those, however, who are interested in the decent administration of the law, the whole thing must appear as unaccountable as it is deplorable. So far from there being anything in the position of either an advocate or a judge calling for an exhibition of temper, everything points to the necessity for the suppression on each side of any approach to it. The most junior counsel at the Bar must be thoroughly well aware that encounters with the Bench will advance the interests neither of his clients or of himself. He may flatter his vanity by showing his contempt for those in authority, but he does so at the risk of impairing his chances of professional advancement, and of considerably diminishing the number of his clients. Whilst it is possible, however, that an advocate may be carried away into indiscretions by zeal for the interests of those who employ him, it is difficult to find any excuse whatever for a judge who forgets what is due to the dignity of his position. His first duty is to see that the business of his court is conducted in an orderly manner, and the law invests him with the most complete power to punish any act which he may consider a contempt of his authority. It is, however, within the reach of every judge, by his own conduct, to render himself comparatively powerless. He may bandy intemperate language with counsel until he fails to have any control over them. If his powers have been of recent acquisition, he may assert them to such an extent, and with such a frequency, as to render himself thoroughly intolerable; or he may, as is very frequently also the case with newly-created judges, form premature opinions upon the matters brought before him, and allow himself to glide from the judge into the advocate, and in that position find himself treated with as much deference as is generally accorded to an opponent, and no more. When Lord Chief Justice Bovill told Mr. James that if it was not the rule for judges to read documents put in evidence until they had been first read by the officer of the Court, he would establish such a rule, he was not only indiscreet in his language, but seems to have forgotten that it is not within the power of any single judge to alter the established practice of the Courts. The cross-examination to which, according to Mr. James, he subjected some of the witnesses, is one of those things the propriety of which depends entirely upon the circumstances of the case. If a plaintiff or defendant appears in person, or is represented by a counsel deficient in intelligence or discretion, the judge by examining the witnesses, may very materially aid justice. The experience which he has gained as an advocate will enable him to bring out facts that have been overlooked, or to expose mendacity which otherwise would escape detection. Still, although the judge is the person best capable of forming an opinion as to the necessity for his interference, it is, as a general rule, better to permit the parties to fight out their dispute with the weapons that they have themselves provided. In this instance it by no means appears that either of the parties was not most efficiently represented, or that the slightest reason existed for the interference of the judge. If, however, we have little to admire in the demeanour of the Lord Chief Justice, there is much in the language of Mr. James which calls for strong expressions of condemnation. It is questionable whether he was justified in observing upon the examination of the witnesses by this judge; but the course which he pursued with reference to the delivery notes will lead most people to believe that he was actuated by no loftier motive than the desire of being captious. If the objection was worth making, it was worth being persisted in; and Mr. James ought not to have found fault with any departure by the judge from the established practice unless he was prepared to insist upon that practice being adhered to. We are unwilling

to notice the merely fretful expressions about “gentlemen on the Bench,” and the respect paid to the “position of the judge,” as they are really beneath comment. We do not concern ourselves with the feelings of animosity which individual counsel and judges may entertain for one another; but we must protest against the public time being wasted and the administration of justice interrupted by the display of these feelings.

#### PROTECTION FROM FIRE.

ONE of the most promising labours of the session bears fruit in the Report of the Select Committee on Fires, which it is to be hoped will be reduced to practical operative shape before another session shall have come and gone. We must not sit down with our hands before us, and say that we are well enough as we are in this regard, or that, do what we will, fires will happen—the result of accident, or negligence, or purpose. We trust too much to chance or Providence in these as in so many other matters, unmindful that Heaven helps those who help themselves. We can do far more than we have even yet done to set our houses in order, especially those monster warehouses in which millions’ worth of merchandise is so stored that when a fire comes it comes with a vengeance. In these cases we reckon our losses by hundreds of thousands, and, in the memorable fire in Tooley-street, by millions. “Great conflagrations,” says the Report of the Select Committee, “attended with immense destruction of property and serious loss of life, have occurred from the improper and indiscriminate storing of goods in warehouses.” The presence of a few inflammable or explosive goods is enough to set all precautions at defiance. In crowded cities land is valuable, and its owners will build as high as they can on the same area. So we get enormous warehouses, and enormous fires. Would it not be well to have warehouses of more limited size? or is there anything in the necessity of the case which requires that inflammable and explosive goods should be stored in the same warehouses with goods of a quiet and peaceable character, which have no inclination to fire up? If there is, cannot we take measures, at least to some extent, to reduce the inflammable character of goods which are not of this pacific demeanour? “No oil,” say the Committee, “produced by distillation from coal, shale, peat, petroleum, rock oil, Rangoon or Burmah oil, or other bituminous substance, and used for illuminating purposes, should be sold for such purposes with an igniting point under 110° Fahrenheit;” and, if any one does sell them so, he should be fined, and all the oil in his possession forfeited. Can this hint be utilized for the safe warehousing of such goods? If we are of a mind to legislate boldly upon the subject, there is ample room for many enactments which will largely decrease our liability to fires. For example, clauses are frequently introduced into Bills for the supply of water by companies or local authorities, which provide that the water need not be constantly laid on. If a Bill of this kind is opposed, referees are empowered to inquire whether there is any physical or other reason why a constant supply should not be afforded; but not if the Bill is not opposed. And thus Bills are allowed to pass which leave it to the discretion of the company to supply water in their own way. Parliament in its folly has decided that insurance companies have no *locus standi* against Water Bills. We should not object to this if Parliament could prove that water has no *locus standi* against fire. But as it is the chief means we at present possess of stopping a fire, we have a right to expect from the Legislature the insertion of such provisions in Water Bills as will assure us that the extinguishing “element” will always be forthcoming when it is necessary to confront the “devouring one.”

The faulty construction of buildings has much to do with the frequency of fires, and to remedy this defect the Committee recommend a General Building Act, which, by the light of the evidence they have received, shall make discreet provisions with regard to the thickness and height of party walls, and the placing of fireplaces, stoves, and flues. They also suggest that in houses in which the ground floor is a shop, and the rooms above it are inhabited, the floor immediately above the shop should be made fireproof, as the floors are in Paris. But all these suggestions have regard only to such fires as are accidental. When all is done that can be done with respect to such fires, there will remain a large number against which such precautions are of no avail. The evidence which the Committee have had before them shows that this class of fires are traceable to several sources:—“First, to individuals and organized gangs of men who make a trade of it to defraud the insurance companies; second, to parties who have been unfortunate in business, and who cannot meet the claims made on



them; third, to persons in warehouses, to conceal theft of goods made by them in the warehouses; fourth, to malice." There is nothing startling in this statement, simply because we have for years known what is here declared upon the authority of a Select Committee of the House of Commons. Incendiarism is a trade. Though the insurance offices are naturally loth to prosecute in every case in which their suspicions are aroused, prosecutions do now and then occur, which put this fact beyond doubt. What, then, are we to do in cases of this kind? We cannot expect protection from the insurance offices; indeed, they are the parties to be protected in the first instance, for a man who will be guilty of arson may be guilty of anything. The Select Committee recommend that an inquiry should take place into every fire, first by the police or fire brigade; next—if suspicion arises in that stage—by the coroner; and finally, if there is sufficient reason, before the ordinary criminal tribunals. "And," their report continues, "they would specially recommend that no claim should be settled by any insurance company without a certificate from the police, or fire brigade, or officer appointed to conduct the investigation into the origin of the fire; but this certificate should not debar the insurance offices from opposing the claim, if they think proper." Whether this recommendation will be adopted is a question quite apart from its wisdom. It would be a great boon to the insurance offices if the onus of investigation were taken off their hands. But, on the other hand, it will no doubt be argued that this is just one of those cases in which an innocent person might be involved by appearances of a suspicious character which he could not explain away. That objection, we are bound to say, is, at first sight, not destitute of force. But we can hardly imagine that the officer to whom the first inquiry would be intrusted would be so rash as to give effect to a suspicion which had not some basis, by sending the case before the council. On the other hand, the extent to which incendiarism is practised, requires that the Legislature should take measures to prevent it, and we do not see what other measures the case admits of than those suggested in the Report of the Committee.

#### THE WOMAN CAMPAIGN IN AMERICA.

In the Conventions which have recently been holding their sessions in several of the largest States of the American union, for the purpose of amending their several constitutions, the chief questions discussed have been whether the words "white" and "male" shall be erased from their laws. As might have been expected, from the embarrassing position in which many of their representatives were placed in being compelled to confer upon negroes in the South political privileges which their own States had not yet conceded, there has been a considerable degree of unanimity in striking the word "white" from the laws of Northern States; and this, there seems reason to believe, will be followed by a national action that will decide by a constitutional amendment, providing that it shall be held repugnant to the republican form of Government for any person to be disfranchised in any State on account of race or colour. With regard to the other proposition, to strike the word "male" from the laws, there has been a variety of interesting results, and such as, on the whole, must be regarded as favourable to the enfranchisement of women. The first State to lay officially before its people this measure to receive their sanction, was the young but historic State of Kansas. It seemed at first that in this State all was to go smoothly with the new constitution, but gradually a very serious opposition has been organized, and there has been waged an unceasing contest, turning entirely upon the question of woman suffrage. Large companies of male and female orators, composed chiefly of the speakers once familiar at the anti-slavery meetings, and large and excited meetings have been held, continuing sometimes for a week at a time. The signs had been already favourable to the reformers, when Mr. Mill's letter to Kansas—unsolicited by any individual in America—appeared in a paper in Topeka. That letter, one of the most glowing that Mr. Mill ever wrote, was at once printed on bits of paper, and scattered by tens of thousands through the State; the effect of it has been, it is declared, very great, and may perhaps prove final. The question will be decided by a special ticket in the elections of the coming November.

With the long preliminary agitation in New York, with which the name of Mrs. Stanton—daughter of an eminent judge and wife of an able barrister of that State—is prominently associated, English readers are more or less familiar. The matter was subsequently brought, under the most auspicious circumstances, before the Constitutional Convention of the

State now in session. It was introduced by Mr. George W. Curtis, who may be known to some English readers as the author of "Nile Notes of an Howadji," and the famous satires on New York pretensions entitled "The Potiphar Papers." In the United States Mr. Curtis is regarded as unequalled among the younger politicians for the high character of his public influence, and for the power and eloquence of his speech. His style is simple and thorough, as might be expected of a scholar who has been trained in the school of Emerson, Lowell, and Phillips. That Mr. Curtis delivered a powerful argument on introducing the proposition was the unanimous opinion even of his opponents; their admiration, however, seems to have gone no further than the fishes whom St. Anthony tried to convert—

"Much delighted were they, but preferred the old way."

Mr. Curtis was especially severe upon Mr. Greeley, who, much to the astonishment of all who remember the days when the *Tribune*—of which Margaret Fuller was then joint editor—was the organ of the Women's Rights movement, the cause being then, outside of the editorial rooms of that journal, almost friendless. Mr. Greeley, as chairman of a committee, with which, however, he was not bound to concur, presented a report that, though woman suffrage is abstractly just, it is not expedient at this time to introduce it into the State of New York. Alluding to the vote that had been given by Mr. Greeley and others, himself included, refusing to disfranchise persons who might have been rebels, Mr. Curtis said, with emphasis:—"The platform of the chairman of the committee is 'universal amnesty and impartial suffrage.' Perhaps he is right. I myself desire to see the harvest of peace wave over the battle-field. But consider how it will work. A mother who had educated her son to religion and patriotism, gave him to his country. The young man fell into the hands of the rebels, and was consigned to the death-pen at Andersonville. There, worn out by thirst, he crawled towards a pool to obtain a drink of the foul water, when, approaching the 'dead-line,' a guard who was watching shot him dead. The policy of the chairman (Mr. Greeley) would award a vote to that murderer, but withhold it from the mother of the victim." It was, no doubt, in good part due to this vigorous advocacy that out of seventy-one members, so many as twenty voted for the measure. Mr. Greeley has since written an editorial article in the *Tribune*, in which he declares that this vote is to be taken not as a decision against the principle of women suffrage, but only as a rejection of the form in which it stood before the Convention. He declares for himself that he is opposed to having women mixed up with men at the polls, in caucuses, and in legislative and political assemblies. He is in favour, however, of the establishment, by the organic law, of a Women's Legislature, a body to which women alone shall be eligible, and to which all matters pertaining to marriage, divorce, education, and two or three other subjects, shall be entirely relegated. The scheme seems to us utterly visionary and impracticable, but its publication at this time indicates the strength of the popular current in the direction of conferring upon women some kind of political power. Our purpose at present is rather to report the progress of a question which in America may be said to be "in committee" than to comment upon the general subject; we may, therefore, sum up what has been said and done in New York as proving that while the entire convention, representing the chief men of various parties in the State, was willing to declare itself in favour of the abstract principle of woman suffrage, nearly one-third of it was anxious for the immediate and direct enfranchisement of the female sex.

The result in Connecticut was perhaps even more favourable to the movement than that in New York. Connecticut is one of the oldest and decidedly the most conservative of all the Northern States. The advocates of woman suffrage had not hoped for success in that State. Yet the measure was proposed there and lost by the small majority of 18—the vote standing at 93 to 111. Meanwhile, in the great Western State of Michigan, a State of four or five times the size and importance of Connecticut, woman suffrage has just been carried by a vote of 29 to 26 in a convention called to revise the organic law.

It should be observed that in all these cases the question of the enfranchisement of women has been brought forward free from any qualifications whatever, and in the most radical form. There has been no limitation proposed which should confine the vote to any class of unmarried women, or to women possessing property or other qualifications not prescribed for men. The votes have invariably been taken upon the question of simple womanhood suffrage. The debates have been conducted, it is



alleged, with dignity and with marked seriousness. In Kansas, where the subject has advanced to the phase of a popular canvass and struggle, there has been observable a decorum and an absence of violence somewhat unusual in the political contests of the West. It is also of importance to note that no movement ever started in the United States seems so completely to have gained to its side the educated and literary class. No eminent writer seems to have come forward in opposition to it. As an indication of the feeling which pervades those who are and who are to be the intellectual leaders in America, may be cited the earnest words in which Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson expressed his sympathy with the enfranchisement of women in his late address before the students and authorities of Harvard University at Cambridge. There was present a very large assembly, comprising the governor and other official characters of the State of Massachusetts, the professors and students of the University, and many literary men from every part of the Union; and when the orator uttered the words to which we have alluded they are said to have been received with long-continued cheering, in which, apparently, all present heartily joined. These sentiments are indeed not new from the lips of Mr. Emerson; ten or twelve years ago he delivered in Boston an address in favour of the removal of the social and political restrictions imposed upon woman; but it is significant that at a festival of scholars and politicians these views should now be received with marked and general approval. The "Sage of Concord" has also been chosen an overseer of the University, and his opinions are likely to exert a considerable influence in future upon the youth who attend it, who are for the most part the sons of the wealthier families of New England.

We have not chronicled these facts to support the project to which they refer, but as they have actually occurred; and they leave no doubt in our own mind that the admission of women to social and political equality in America must soon be an accomplished fact throughout the country. A few of the older States will probably wait to see how the innovation works in newer societies; but it has hitherto been the experience of the Union that a reform adopted in one or two States is very apt to make its way into all the rest. It is, too, the young men of New England and New York who have peopled Michigan and Kansas, and they are doubtless indicating in this matter the general drift of popular feeling in the older societies, where changes are naturally slower. The time is within the memory of the middle-aged when the last property qualifications of the suffrage disappeared from New England; but it has been nearly twenty years since they disappeared from the most conservative of the States. The woman suffrage is likely to prove similarly contagious. We need not say with what profound interest the Old World will watch the development of this experiment in the New; and the important reaction which they will, if beneficial, have upon our Cis-atlantic societies, particularly upon England, will be anticipated by all.

#### CANNING'S STATUE.

THE discussions which have taken place in the Houses of Parliament relative to the removal of the Canning statue from its old accustomed site in Palace-yard, are worthy of more attention on public grounds than they have received at the hands of the press. Noble lords were no doubt greatly surprised to find that the effigy of the statesman they passed day by day on their way to the House had suddenly vanished, no one knew whither; especially if they were moved by the touching reflection of Lord Lyveden, that if "such things were done with statesmen now deceased, they might be done with any of their lordships when they come to have statues." A public statue that has been planted in any conspicuous place for any length of time becomes consecrated to the spot, and can no more be removed from it without damage to the prestige of the individual it represents, than an old tree can be transplanted without damage to its vitality. It certainly should not be permitted that any individual, on his own responsibility, should take such a liberty with the illustrious dead—cart away their fame as they would a heap of rubbish, and throw it into any out-of-the-way hole or corner that is most convenient. Once erected, there a statue should remain for good, and nothing but some public improvement necessitating the destruction of its site should be allowed to interfere with this rule. The removal of the green inclosure and the opening up of the new road to Victoria-street, was the apparent reason for the banishment, to a back settlement, of the statesman who boasted that he had readjusted the balance of power by calling into existence a group of republics in the New World to redress

the grievances of the Old; but the real reason, as we hear from Mr. Barry, was not of a public nature, but a purely personal one—to the statue; in short, it was not presentable about the back! The effigy of Canning had a weak side, as many of us have in real life, and which we dodge with great adroitness to keep out of sight. Canning, or rather his statue, has a particularly feeble, not to say clumsy, back; our statuaries never think it worth while to finish their work all round. Consequently, to conceal this defect, he was thrust back against a group of trees; and when these trees fell nothing was to be done but to make a run for it to another group of trees at some distance in the rear—the deceased worthy still keeping his back as in duty bound well out of sight, like a brave man retiring with his face to the foe. After having conducted this skilful retreat, it is rather humiliating to find that it is considered by some persons to be by no means satisfactory, and Lord John Manners has just announced that the statue in question may possibly, in deference to the friends of the deceased statesman, come forward once more from the sheltering backing of his tree, to the centre of the new Parliament Square. There is something so irresistibly ludicrous in Mr. Barry's explanation of this forced retreat, and the reason is so disreputable to British art, that we confess we are astonished our friend *Punch* has taken no notice of it. What again shall we say for the artistic aptitudes of the statuary who thought it improved his queer bronze-work to surround it with the verdure of trees. In this respect Canning is treated no worse than Pitt in Hanover-square, or Lord George Bentinck in Cavendish-square. Possibly these worthies, too, suffer from a weakness in the dorsal region.

The fact is, all our public statues require far more artistic supervision than they are likely to get as long as they are considered to be the exclusive subjects of the First Commissioner of Works. As far as we can see, there is no settled plan adopted for their disposal; they are scattered over the length and breadth of the town at the will of private individuals who have subscribed for their erection—plan or system in their grouping there is none. It is, we think, a good rule to erect statues to public men as near as possible to the scene of their daily labours; but this rule obtains only with officials, and what may be termed the second-rate names on the roll of fame. The great benefactors of mankind, and the great actors in human affairs, are inappropriately placed in any such confined localities. Lord Herbert's statue stands appropriately enough in the courtyard of the War Office, but who would think of placing that of Wellington before the Horse Guards? It seems to have been conceded that Trafalgar-square is to be dedicated to the memory of great Englishmen, and we had hoped that in this age such worthies would be drawn from no mere class or profession, but the discussion in the House of Lords no longer permits us to entertain that idea. According to Lord Ravensworth, who complains so bitterly respecting the removal of the statue of Canning, this noble site is to be reserved for members of the United Service, generals, and admirals; and he thinks that the authorities did quite right in removing, three or four years ago, the statue of the "ingenious doctor" from that proud position. If there is one man more than another of modern times whose labours have benefited the human race without respect to creed or colour, it is this same "ingenious doctor," whose removal from what has been termed the "out-of-door Westminster Abbey" to an obscure corner of the long water, where he appears to be holding his nose to avoid the stench of the puddle over which he presides—no noble lord at the time protested against, and one noble lord now thinks was a judicious proceeding! Jenner—the illustrious Jenner—has had statues erected to his memory in France, Belgium, and Holland; but a nobleman can get on his legs in the House of Lords, and applaud his deposal from the chief site in London, and praise his removal to a remote locality in the same breath that he expresses his wrath at the displacement of Canning across the breadth of a road! We confess this singular display of narrowmindedness, and the obliviousness of the claims of the great men of the future—the philosophers and the giants of science—to an equal share of public homage with its statesmen and warriors, which we find displayed in the House of Lords inspires us with little confidence in the supervision of officials drawn from their class. Lord Lyveden may sneer at the impertinence of grouping the deceased statesman with "some railway engineer," as he alleges is in contemplation; but we question if even Mr. Canning's "readjustment of the balance of power" entitles him to a higher place in the memory of his fellow-countrymen than the engineer who brought the ends of the earth into communication with each other, and who has advanced the civilization of the leading nations of the world by at least a century. It would



be as difficult to erect a statue of Stephenson as it is to Jenner, near the scene of his labours, for that scene is wherever civilization exists. Yet in the eyes of a noble peer, it would be profanation to allow the effigy of such a man to rub shoulders with that of one of the governing classes. As we write, a still newer light seems to burst upon the official mind respecting the statues that still remain in Trafalgar-square. We have heard it urged that because Nelson presides over this splendid site, therefore it should be held sacred to great seamen. It is rather late in the day to begin re-arranging the effigies of our great men, and we can see no possible reason for sorting our statues into different professions. Surely the philosopher and the soldier and the sailor may be allowed to rest together at last, in bronze and marble, in the public Valhallas of the metropolis, without being grouped to meet the narrow views of members of the United Services. When a hero is dead, his memory may surely be allowed to rise superior to petty classifications, and ideas that only find favour within the precincts of professional club-houses.

### CROQUET AND CURATES.

THERE are few amusements capable of exercising the feminine mind in its entirety. That singular natural product is too complex. It has as many angles as the Koh-i-noor; as many secret chambers as the inexhaustible bottle. Young gentlemen who yearn after the muscular virtues soon learn how utterly worthless one particular exercise may be in developing the muscles. Equally to call the powers of the body into play, one would have to devise an amusement which should combine the strain of walking, riding, boxing, and carrying; and if the dull tissues of a booby of eighteen require this co-operation of forces, how much more the mind—or what we may call the mind—of an angelic and volatile creature in white muslin? Hence the extraordinary number of diversions which women, from time immemorial, have deemed necessary to their existence. We call women fickle; but we forget the inordinate and various capacities for enjoyment which a woman possesses. It is not her nature to grow up like a respectable parsnip, with nothing but a gaping mouth for rain and sunshine. She has not the faculty of sticking like a limpet to the Stock Exchange, or of appeasing the cravings of her being by the excitement of reading the broker's analyses of sugar samples. Associations of women for moral, religious, or political objects generally fail, because their attractions are limited to the following-out of one pursuit. Very few women have specialities. It runs in their blood to play a little, sing a little, flirt a little, be slightly emotional, moderately religious, temperately fond of cards, and to have a vague and general liking for archery, croquet, water-colour drawing, scroll-writing, and architectural ornamentation. He is a coarse blunderer who would gather from these things that women love mediocrity; he is nearer the truth who detects in woman a universal capacity for everything, a capacity hitherto shunted and disappointed of its proper aims by that system of social bondage over which unmarried members of Parliament are wont to become funny.

Now if there is any possible combination of amusement calculated fully to engage the sympathies and energies of a woman, it is to be obtained by a judicious bringing together of croquet and curates. Take these apart, and they instantly become valueless; together, they are all-sufficient. At first sight it would seem to any one acquainted with the passions which croquet calls into play, that the curate might be dispensed with. But this is a vulgar error, the result of a careless jumping at conclusions. It is only the practical sympathies which are engaged by croquet; the ideal sympathies demand a curate. Of the former, following Mr. Herbert Spencer's psychological analysis of love, we may mention, to begin with, the desire of approbation. Who has not observed the concealed sparkle of triumph in the eyes of the tender young person of nineteen who has just made a clever roquet, and earned the unspoken gratitude of all her partners? Nay, the mere fact that women whose boots are not an artistic marvel do not generally (and should not at all) play croquet, indicates a current of thought which certainly does not find its origin in the game itself. Then there is the passion of secrecy; for while some women wear their lover's heart upon their wrist, others are like jack-daws, and love to run away and hide the precious jewel from all observing eyes. In croquet, a woman labouring under this latter affliction of the mind, may exercise the bent of her nature by playing as well as she can when her lover is on the opposite side, and by never allowing to escape the chance of "knocking him out of position." But this is a rare mania; croquet being much more apt to develop that psychical state which we call

affection. How many secrets are there, not revealable by the tongue, which the mallet has made as plain as daylight! Papa may attack the penniless guardsman for having been rather reckless in his expressions; neither papa, nor the fair one's big brother, can quarrel with a mallet. It is highly indecorous for a young lady, before a certain period of probation, to say "I love you;" but a girl, when her enemy's ball lies four inches from a hoop, has often been quite as explicit. If the pseudo-enemy fancies that it was merely her general and spontaneous good-nature that prompted her to miss the ball, he has only to watch the further progress of the heartless "rover." The next opportunity she has, she "scatters" the ball of a gentleman who has also black moustaches, who has also a tolerable income, and who is supposed to have as great a liking for her as for anybody else—which is the greatest length a fashionable and decorous passion ought to go. What other form of declaration would one wish? The sense of exclusive possession and consequent power is also gratified in croquet. There are few things more winning and beautiful than the innocent ostentation with which the gentle Phyllis delights to order about her Corydon, confident that his greatest happiness consists in obeying her. The savage sarcasm with which nature, during the period of courtship, reverses the relative positions of man and woman loses all its sting when it is clearly understood by both parties that after marriage the law of social gravitation will assert its normal rights. How delicious must it be for Phyllis to imperatively command the huge be-whiskered Corydon to lie near a particular hoop, and to observe the sweet submission with which he, in defiance of his own judgment, follows her charming dictation. Phyllis knows well that some day she will be less of an absolute monarch; that when the rebellious Corydon departs for Ascot or Goodwood alone, she will be equally powerless in her threatenings and entreaties; and that a change of ministry may become needful, her next neighbour taking the place of Corydon's mother-in-law. But, in the meanwhile, she asserts unlimited sway; and there is no appeal from the sentence of her eyes.

Such are a few of the directions in which croquet may draw out the latent forces of the girlish soul. But, after all, croquet can only be played on six days of the week; and a curate is necessary to fill up the hiatus of the seventh. Not that it is imperative the twin influences should remain separate. Croquet and curate on the same day are within the bounds of possibility; and a curate generally plays croquet in a sentimental and touching style. He does everything he has to do conscientiously, and never allows the trifling passions of the hour to divert him from fulfilling his duty. With all his native courtesy towards ladies, it would be impossible for him so to vitiate his religious scruples as voluntarily to miss a shot in order to please even the fairest of the fair. The mistaken generosity of helping a friend on the opposite side, and the malice of lying in wait for an opponent are equally far from him. He goes peacefully and piously through his hoops; and if he cannot help making a croquet, he croquets, but he never sends his enemy's ball off the lawn. He has been known, in playing against his rector, to make a few misses; but his ill playing was attributed to nervousness, not to a craven flattery. If he wins, he always seems surprised; if he loses, he is patient and magnanimous in his congratulations. Curate and croquet together, as we have said, form the heaven on earth of the feminine mind. The realism of the sentiments is sufficiently awakened by the game itself; but the presence of the curate bathes these earthly emotions in idealism. Croquet supplies the roast lamb, he furnishes the mint-sauce. His speech has the ring of half-remembered sermons; his gestures recall the transcendental impressions of bygone Sundays. An atmosphere of musk-scented pews and forget-me-not filled prayer-books hovers around him. There are memories of pleasant morning walks, and new bonnets, and strange speculative reveries enveloping this splendid creature with the brawny shoulders and the mild voice. The lawn is no longer prosaic. The keener susceptibilities of the imagination transfuse and ennoble the commonplace incidents of the game. The ordinary give-and-take of flirtation are now delicious; they are no more the work of a cultivated habit, but of an awakened sentiment. And it must be remembered that although the magnetic influence of a curate may affect the whole of the ladies on the lawn, we have no right to say that the curate personally reaps the benefit. One or two mild misses, just home from the boarding-school, may blush when he smiles upon them; but the others either use him as a means of improving their emotional capabilities, or succumb to the idealism he produces as a sort of dram-drinking which only stimulates their flirtation with the real object of their amusement. This is a form of intellectual intoxication which both sexes relish. If the



languishing Corydon of whom we have previously spoken go to see Miss Kate Terry in one of her pathetic parts, he will leave the theatre more deliriously devoted to Phyllis than ever. We may liken these philanthropic producers of emotion for the benefit of other people to the men who work at a fire-engine, and leave to other hands the business of directing the stream of water. The curate, therefore, is invaluable; and, with the game to which he forms so important an adjunct, we hope he may live for ever.

#### HOT WEATHER.

THE quaint resource of taking off one's flesh and resting in bare bones in order to enjoy a sensation of coolness, is a notion which can only be rescued from utter absurdity by being ventilated in the atmosphere of London within the last week. London is intolerable in warm weather. We are not accustomed to accept a high temperature. We cannot enjoy a siesta, and the beating rays of noontide come down upon heads devoted to law, to stock-broking, or to letters, without the slightest provision being made for the tropical necessities of the occasion. Our clothes are unequal to the circumstance, and a black coat exposed to the sun for five minutes becomes like the shirt of Nessus. Theatres are out of the question, concerts are fortunately out of season, but the very announcement of a monster "promenade" performance drives us into a fever. Reading boiled politics in newspapers does not abate the complaint. To think that, with the thermometer at 85° in the shade, Mr. Whalley is not at peace, that the League is waxing warm on its own account, is a positive aggravation of caloric. We do not believe, however, that the rise and fall of the mercury does not influence debates. Douglas Jerrold used to write of a drummer who bragged that his drubbing had been instrumental in returning members to the House; and there is even a closer connection between Fahrenheit and the franchise than between the sound which comes from emptiness and the speeches of honourable gentlemen. Atmospheric causes bear upon everything. It is too warm to be angry with your wife, and too warm to be over-affectionate. Love-making is out of the question. Ladies in the lightest muslin must endure sufferings which preclude sentiment, as assuredly as toothache precludes poetry. Appetite vanishes. Cool claret comes between us and industry; when the cork is drawn, the delicious drowsiness which sets in after the second tumbler is not to be disturbed by a thought of exertion. The gravity of things is altogether different from what it was. A chair is not of the same weight: it will resist your efforts to shift it with an obstinacy which brings a moisture to your forehead. Polished brass is an abomination, and every hall door with its blazing plate is an offence. You cannot look into an omnibus without sympathetically melting. Fat old women in heavy black silks and thick boots, with stout cotton gloves, and a confirmed habit of panting, rush into omnibuses during hot weather in a condition awful to witness. Hansoms are alone endurable, the stuffiness of four-wheelers being intensified to a degree which we shall not attempt to describe. But all locomotion is more or less a torture. It heats you to see brisk people without moving yourself. The railway carriage, with its thick padded cushions and blue furniture, admirably adapted, it would seem, to retain cold in winter and soak heat in summer, is in itself sufficient to train a fat passenger for a horserace. The dust which you cannot keep out, and the excursionists of the second and the third class who dash frantically from time to time by the windows and cheer passing trains, contribute towards the liquefaction of the rash traveller. Nor can you obtain relief from gazing at the fields. The cattle are hot and tired. A shimmer above the burnt fields reminds you of an oven. The roads seem to glare. Poppies are on fire. The river is low, and you feel that the water, which scarce floats over the slimy weeds, is lukewarm. You are prompted to think so by remembering that your morning tub was vapid, and that the sponge gave you but little relief. We are not jealous of the men who are now on the moors. A gun must be a punishment to carry, distressing to load, and distracting to fire. The birds fly right in the sun. The heat from the ground is scorching; the temptation to cold punch out of a jar almost more than human nature can endure; and the sensation of being half roasted in a state of muddle, is one of the most fearful that can be imagined. Nor are green lanes a security from the torments of heat. You have not the sun on your head, but the air is close and thick. There is heat in the summer sounds, the purring of pigeons, the sudden bursting of furze-blossoms, the dry chirping of the grasshopper, the drone of a guzzling bee who reels out of a flower in a drunken, blundering manner—these noises

somehow associate themselves with heat. The seashore does not shelter you unless you can spend the day in the tide. Shingle bakes until you seem to walk on a kiln. To see men pulling a boat awakens lively feelings of condolence which generate an interest, and an interest makes you hotter at once. A steamboat in hot weather is simply maddening. Cockneys drinking stout within a yard of a busy greasy engine, the stokers who come up from time to time and mop themselves, the children piled over with dresses and absolutely running whenever they get a chance, render a day of this kind a day not soon to be forgotten. Your only chance is to remain within doors. There you can do nothing, but doing nothing renders you conscious of a soft brain, a brain which simmers not intellectually, but positively. Servants are languid in attendance, and every time you pull the bell (in itself a strain upon your mental and physical powers) you know they curse you on the stairs. A gradual envy, not of your neighbour exactly, but of your African brother, who is naked, takes possession of your mind. Your collar, your waistcoat, and your coat, disappear as soon as you get into your own den.

Could a book for hot weather be written? A book of a calm, cool, equable tone, which would be as grateful to the mental palate as an ice to the tongue. There is no work now extant which would satisfy the requirements we demand. A novel by Mr. Trollope approaches nearest to what we mean. There is a cool-of-the-evening charm about his narrative, the personages seldom get into a heat, the affections are properly regulated, the action glides smoothly, and yet with sufficient speed to cause a sense of the air to fan the face. But, if books fail us, we are not going to give up nor to close without telling our readers how positively to enjoy the heat. The way to enjoy the hot weather is to take a Turkish bath. This may seem paradoxical to those who are unacquainted with the luxury, but we assert it with all the force and emphasis which experience can impart. There is an Oriental charm and languor in the dusk of the place. You begin to learn how wise the Romans were to make the bath a necessity of existence. Care leaves you for an hour—leaves you when you have cast off your clothes. Thought stirs within you with a gentle voluptuous indolence, and for once at least ministers without remonstrance to the animal pleasure of life. This feeling is not akin to sensuality, it is no more sensual than music. The nervous excitation of passion is altogether absent. We seldom in England try to realize the old Greek consciousness of being. The Greeks, in a pagan worship of the body, treated it with a care and reverence which caused them to enjoy the very tingling of the blood in the veins. We never stop to wonder at our own nature. Mr. Swinburne became delirious and nasty on the subject by following it into unhallowed grounds. We might, however, with advantage try the effect of a Lotos-bath now and again. The Turkish bath steepens us in the same sort of luxurious forgetfulness that the famous leaf did in days of old. When the mind is once more brought into rough-and-ready action, it will be strengthened, and not weakened, by this rest. The silence soothes you, and the dull light. After an interval, in which you feel a slight inconvenience from the warmth, the limbs begin to grow plastic, the heat becomes a pleasure, and you go into a warmer chamber. But it is when the bathing is over, you have plunged into the cold, bracing water, and lie on a couch, with a skin silken and soft as that of a healthy infant, and the mind renovated to an elasticity of which you had no previous conception, that you feel you can defy the hot weather at last. Here you are cooled without being chilled, and you are conscious that you can brave the sun afterwards.

Such is the charming uncertainty of our climate, that since the above was written the rain of the country has fallen—the rain which came upon the Sultan, and nearly swamped the Belgians at Wimbledon. A daily contemporary, with a view to a timely article, wrote one on the heat for Thursday, and spoke of the dry hot glare of India, and how we were getting a sample of it; but when you read the paper the streets were swarming with umbrellas, and the sky loaded with moisture. We do not intend to make fun out of the *contretemps*, as the accident might just as likely happen to ourselves. We have prophets in town who can predict war, the Derby, or Antichrist, but we have none who can venture with success to tell their vaticinations on the weather. Our homœopathic treatment of a victim to heat may be tested when the sun begins to broil us again.

#### SUBURBS.

THE London suburb is the Paradise of the retired tradesman, the elysium of mediocrity. In its bosom men who have passed



their lives in measuring calicoes and weighing out sugar, can dream that they are being transformed into country gentlemen by their acquisition of personality, which the mere shopkeeper cannot enjoy. Hitherto they were only some number in a street, or at best one of a firm, whether Smith or his Co. mattered little. But take Smith ten miles out of town, transplant and deposit him in a semi-detached villa, he at once becomes an important personage, a vestryman, and a potential churchwarden; Mrs. Smith has a district assigned to her, and the daughters are zealous in the Sunday schools. Add to this the fascinations of a garden, the possession of real fruit-trees, the independence of having a plot of ground to yourself, and you can understand our hero leaving the counter, which he has blinked over for twenty years, and sneering at the peep into a square garden which he formerly got on a Sunday. Then the new society is pleasant. Dinners, indeed, are not in vogue, but there are teas innumerable: in summer croquet played on a scrap of grass as big as a chess-board; in winter spillikins, dominoes, and other delectations, which form the prologue to a heavy supper laid out in the spare bedroom. But apart from these festivities, the suburb has a charm, which is absolutely prismatic in its endless varieties and forms—the intellectual lounge, which is so soothing to the ordinary mind, of watching your next door neighbour. A few days of close observation will qualify you for mapping out with the greatest accuracy his every movement, and a still shorter time enables you to distinguish the voices of the children who live in your other half. How can any one be dull with a baby next door, or what temptation is there to lie in bed when the practising begins at seven in the morning! From your drawing-room window you see the front gardens bright with flowers and garnished with shrubs; and the only drawback is a certain sense that the whole is like the manners of the proprietors, a little overdone. When that view begins to get monotonous, you may command from your dining-room your neighbours' kitchen stuff, and there is plenty of scope for the comparison of rival systems of horticulture, or for self-congratulation in the extra forwardness of your own cabbages. In the summer evenings you may discover there Arcadian groups or loving couples as unconcerned as Adam and Eve in Eden. There is no need of novels when you are an eye-witness of so many romances, a silent partner in so many life histories. To be sure, there is the reverse of the picture, for you might as well live under a microscope; but it is a comfort that everybody is doing the same.

Besides the tradesman who, as we have seen is the nucleus of the suburb, there is often a venerable residuum of old inhabitants, who have seen it country, and who, surviving its transformation into town, seem embedded in the tertiary formation of a commercial age. A few also have drifted into the new civilization in despair of finding rest for their foot elsewhere, perhaps with a faint hope of combining the freshness of the fields with the liveliness of the streets. It does not take long to disabuse them. The rose and its *entourage* are vastly different things. As the suburb in its general features is a watering-place without water, Church matters occupy a prominent position therein. For wherever women and tradesmen give the tone to society, there is an unfailing supply of theological squalls. The two parties are in direct antagonism. The former are given to daily service and ceremonial observance; the latter are addicted to conventicle usages and Pharisaism. So the battle often waxes fierce. If the worthy shopkeeper is not a Dissenter, he is still yearning after that patronage which is the soul of Congregationalism. When he has paid his pew-rent and subscribed to the schools, the suburban Boanerges is conscious that the unhappy parson is thereby subsidized, and he is only too ready on the slightest provocation to cut off the supplies. The feminine element is apt to give the provocation. Perhaps, for instance, some zealous spinster, smitten with the curse of nothing to do, amuses herself with canvassing others as foolish as herself for contributions to a cross which is to be placed over the altar. If the clergyman is weak or apathetic, the ritualistic eyesore is erected, and the chapel gains fresh adherents to the great discomfiture of the sensible minority. Hence it follows that clerical discretion is an important element in these constituencies. That nature intended a parson to be a dragoon or a master of a workhouse is in a country parish a matter of small moment, but in a suburb it assumes larger proportions, as the field over which he exercises his power is larger. For example, he has to keep order amongst his satellites. Attached to his church are some self-elected deaconesses, who trade on the generosity of their weaker sisters. Armed with a store of tittle-tattle, and with all the jargon of charity in their mouths, these itinerant beggars frequent invalids and elderly ladies, and in return for their budget of gossip, exact black mail for

some worthless pets, who have imposed on them as they themselves impose on others. This nuisance is indigenous to suburbs and watering-places. Elsewhere, as in large towns, a superior organization relegates it to deserved obscurity.

There are two points still untouched—the local newspaper and the local builder. No suburb is complete without both these articles. Take away its Palladio, and the whole scene is a mere landscape in sepia, tame and colourless. He is generally a self-made man—worthy, inasmuch as he has raised himself to be master where he was once servant; objectionable, inasmuch as he hands down the traditions of architectural unsightliness which our fathers created and cherished. As regards his character, there is no particular reason for his being dishonest, beyond the demoralizing nature of his profession. But the problem which he sets before him to solve is, how to build a house which will hold together at the smallest expense, and the system of “scamping” hereby introduced is not good for the inner man. After all, Ruskin's view of the influence which conscientious workmanship has over the moral nature is not merely a theoretical refinement. But what shall we say of the local newspaper? Its essence is scrappiness. As a rule, it is the speculation of some literary tradesman, who, from keeping a lending library or from native bias, has acquired a taste for the fine arts. Forming the intellectual basis of this limited society, it combines the functions of a churchwarden and a town-crier. A daily governess is anxious to extend the sphere of her operations, or the rector wishes to append a tag to his last sermon, and the suburban gazette gives them both a chance. But polemics constitute its trading capital. A ratepayer takes offence at the proceedings of the local board, and he confides his grievances to the editor; a policeman has had Jedburgh justice dealt out to him, and the Home Secretary is called to order in his influential columns; an Evangelical parishioner is injured by the introduction of surplices into the choir, and “a constant reader” appeals to the public press; or an unsuccessful barrister sues for the hearing which a venal court has refused him, and swamps the community with a series of legal quibbles. In short, the suburb is here removed from the province of still life and asserts its vitality in print.

The real victims of a suburb are the young married people, who go down with the idea that there they can exist cheaply and quietly, “the world forgetting, by the world forgot.” Miserable delusion! A few weeks are enough to convince them that a tent pitched in a London square would be a desert compared with their choice retreat. There they would be but subjected to the supervision of policemen and cats; here they are watched by scores of Athenian eyes, ever searching after some new thing. As for cheapness, the waking is equally sad. Bond-street prices and Whitechapel wares somewhat rudely dispel the dream which a honeymoon was able to create. As for comfort, Darby gets up betimes to catch the early train, swallows a crust at breakfast, spends his day in chambers, and comes back sick and weary to Joan. The time he has lost in transit would have given them a pleasant stroll in Kensington Gardens. Joan passes a listless day, dull and alone, when in London she would have had a dozen friends to visit. She tries to fancy herself in the country, whilst she walks painfully over the gritty paths and comes back tired to greet her tired spouse. Our advice to young couples who are casting their eyes towards the suburbs is—“don't go.”

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A PAMPHLET has been published at Paris with the title, “The Court of Rome and the Emperor Maximilian.” If its contents are to be relied on, they are interesting and valuable, for we have here what profess to be original and confidential letters from Maximilian and his unhappy consort on the condition and prospects of the country under their rule. One of these letters, written by the Emperor in June, 1865, gives a very desponding account of the then state of affairs. “Our military situation is the worst possible,” says the recently-appointed monarch. “The public treasury is ruined, public confidence shaken. . . . In return for our immense pecuniary services, we see the principal towns of the country menaced by daring troops, whom people are pleased to call ‘robbers,’ but who give proofs of remarkable military talent.” This language is certainly the very reverse of what was employed only three months later in Maximilian's proclamation of October, dooming to death all who were found “belonging to armed bands not legally authorized.” Here we are told that “the cause of disorder has been sustained only by a few leaders, the most demoralized of the lower



classes, and by a lawless soldiery"—by "bands of criminals and highwaymen." But those who remark on this discrepancy forget that the one was a public, the other a private, document. A daily contemporary, which has recently taken to snivelling over the Emperor Maximilian, in order that it may be the more severe on the Emperor Napoleon, contends that the letter was the genuine product of the Austrian's magnanimous nature, while the proclamation was the offspring of "Algerian cruelty" and Napoleonic "mendacity," and was only sanctioned by Maximilian under "overwhelming pressure." Doubtless the French generals in Mexico must take their full share of the guilt of that monstrous edict; doubtless the Emperor Napoleon will be severely judged by history for the whole course of the discreditable and unwise Mexican expedition. But it is absurd to endeavour to exonerate the Austrian Archduke at the expense of his French colleagues. Even if he were not the actual author of the proclamation (and we have nothing amounting to proof on that head), he was its promulgator, and must be held responsible. To assume that he was a mere puppet in the hands of the French, is only to increase his criminality; but it is evident, from the fact of his refusing to withdraw with his protectors, that he had his own ideas on the subject of Mexican dominion. The Empress appears to have seen more clearly than any one else the want of reality in the situation, and of actual support on the part of the Mexican people. The game was only to be won, she wrote to a friend, "by material power, realized in strong battalions."

THE Ottoman Government has considered it necessary to make a formal denial of the accusations brought against the Turkish forces in Crete, of having committed great cruelties on the insurgents, even to the extent of indiscriminate massacres. Those statements were promulgated by three consuls at Canea, who, according to the assertions of Aali Pasha, the Grand Vizier, were influenced by Greek representations. The Grand Vizier, however, "admits with sincere regret that two hundred Mussulman soldiers, exasperated at seeing some factious Greeks eagerly welcomed in a village inhabited exclusively by their co-religionists, gave way to acts of pillage and vengeance; but he declares that, as soon as the Divan was informed of this event, it forwarded orders to Omar Pasha to inflict an exemplary punishment on the culprits, and that the latter were in fact arrested and punished: the greater portion of the articles stolen have been restored to their rightful owners; and the Porte intends to indemnify the inhabitants of the villages for the other losses they have sustained." The probability is that, as in all wars with an insurgent population, isolated acts of atrocity have been committed, but that the reports have been exaggerated. The English and many of the Continental journals are considerably swayed by statements of Greek origin, and these are not always very exact or scrupulous. Turkish soldiers are probably neither better nor worse than other soldiers; but their success in Crete is a misfortune to a patriotic cause, which all must deplore.

FRANCE continues to make progress in Cochin China. Having in 1862 obtained by treaty the three provinces of Saigon, Bien-hoa, and Mitho, she has now proceeded to take forcible possession of the three western provinces of the Annamite dominion, on the plea that the latter have never ceased since 1862 to be "the refuge of all the malcontents, agitators, and enemies" of French authority. This is the old excuse for acts of aggression against the independence of Oriental States. We are only too familiar with it in the course of our own career in India. By fraud or force, a position is obtained in some Eastern country by one of the Western Powers; the neighbouring States openly resist or secretly conspire, as we ourselves should do if any Indian or Chinese monarch got a footing here; and this is seized on as a pretext for further annexations. But Admiral de la Grandiere, Governor of Cochin China, says that the people eagerly welcome French rule, and rejoice in deliverance from the tyranny of the Mandarins. We shall see; only in the meanwhile we are rather sceptical.

THERE was a good deal of talk in the early part of the week about the probability of the *Moniteur* of Thursday, the 15th—the great Napoleonic fête-day—containing some notification from the Emperor about liberal reforms; but the *Moniteur* came out without any such manifesto. Just at present, the Emperors and Kings of the earth seem to be thinking of little else than amusing themselves, and gadding about from one place of meeting to another. The French and Austrian Emperors will undoubtedly embrace one

another at Salzburg; and it is rumoured that each will subsequently have an interview elsewhere with the King of Prussia. So that the pacific mood just now is uppermost; yet the arming goes on, and the South German States, in obedience to the military conventions secretly concluded with Prussia shortly after the war of 1866, are manufacturing needle-guns and cartridges at a tremendous rate. It is calculated that, by next spring, Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria, will be enabled to increase the army of Prussia by 120,000 men.

RELIGIOUS liberty is a gainer by a recent act of the French Government. One of the prefects, a M. Boby—who ought perhaps to spell his name with a double o—recently dismissed a village schoolmaster on the ground that he had become a Protestant. As the school over which he was placed had none but Catholic pupils, it was doubtless undesirable that he should continue there, though it does not appear that he had made any attempts at conversion; but the way in which the poor man was treated was extremely harsh. A prefectural decree was issued, stating that he must be "deemed and taken to have resigned." Accordingly he was turned out, and was at once obliged to serve in the army, from which schoolmasters are exempt. A good deal of comment was made in the newspapers, and ultimately a Cabinet Council was held, at which it was resolved that the prefect should be reprimanded, and the schoolmaster be discharged from the army, and placed at the head of a Protestant school. The fairness of this decision does great credit to the French Government.

THE Italian Senate has passed the Church Property Conversion Bill by 84 to 29 votes, and Signor Rattazzi has spoken with confidence of the success of the financial operation. He also promised further economy with a view to putting an end to the forced currency, again repudiated any idea of reducing the interest on Italian Rente, and spoke of opening fresh sources of national wealth. Rattazzi has certainly up to the present time exhibited great energy and statesmanship; and we are justified in hoping that he will place the finances of Italy in a more healthy condition.

CHOLERA is committing terrible ravages in Naples and Sicily, and the ex-Dowager Queen of Naples is dead of the disease. Several other persons of distinction have also been attacked, in some cases with fatal results; and the total deaths are counted by thousands. At Catania, the dead were left to putrefy in the houses, which the troops and gendarmes were obliged to break into, to remove the corpses. There seems, in fact, to have been a thorough panic, and all kinds of idle rumours prevailed.

FROM America we learn that the President has suspended Mr. Stanton, and appointed General Grant Secretary of War. The General is said to be the probable next President; but he is keeping his opinions very close, which is not the best way to advance his interests with the speech-loving American people. Mr. Johnson and General Sheridan are still squabbling with regard to the action of the latter in his command of the Louisiana district, where he is thought to have been too severe on the disloyal; and revolution seems to be impending in Salt Lake City itself, the state of affairs in which is described in a letter from that locality, wherein we read:—

"Considerable numbers of the heretics are emigrating for Nauvoo, Illinois, the city from which their religious ancestors were driven by Lynch law more than twenty years ago, the allegation being that they habitually stole horses and cattle. The heresy on which the community has split is that of anti-polygamy. An incident has occurred which shows how completely Brigham Young has lost the absolute authority he once exercised. He denounced a young man named Howard, who instantly rose up in the body of the crowded temple, and pronounced his statements as false. Young then ordered that Howard should be put out of the house, and, when that was done, told his hearers to proceed and tear down Howard's house, which was not done. Subsequently Howard sent a letter to Young, demanding a retraction of his assertions, and threatening otherwise to hold him to a personal responsibility for them. This and other incidents are said to have so affected Young that he is thinking of moving to the newly-discovered gold-mines of New Mexico."

Those were probably right who said that Mormonism might safely be left to work out its own decay.

PROFESSOR NEWMAN has written a thoughtful article in the current number of *Fraser* upon "Marriage Laws." He takes altogether the side of the women, and in making his case supports it



by deriving a too general conclusion from a small group of instances. Experimental unions would be rather in advance even of the spirit of the times. It was not necessary for us to learn that fact from Professor Newman; but there is no doubt whatever that our marriage laws must be looked at in a much more liberal and reforming disposition than that in which we have hitherto regarded them. Concubinage is on the increase in London, and, we regret to write it, the greatest laxity in respect to the relations between the sexes exists amongst a number of literary *doctrinaires*, who are, indeed, giving practical evidence of the "free love" faith which they accept after rejecting every other. The Paganism of the upper classes is the result of cultivated indulgence, and of the customs and dresses which keep the fever of passion at the highest; the Paganism of writers and thinkers is not so easily explained. One of the most disagreeable sights in the world is a profligate philosopher, reminiscent of the sty and the study; but what shall we say of the intellectual woman whose domestic life is regulated by the marital institutions of the Pacific islands? Professor Newman need not fear that Englishwomen, bad as their education is, dangerous as are the social influences which surround them, and unjust as are in some respects the laws which affect them, will ever mass in order to bring about changes which would degrade the sex to the brutal level of superfine blue stockings who want husbands without marriage.

THE Earl of Carnarvon, after his recent speeches on the Reform question, is hardly likely to find much favour with the Ministers. The following, with some very slight abbreviations, is the report of the debate in the House of Lords with regard to the Postal communication with Australia:—

"The Earl of Carnarvon said he wished to put a question to the noble Duke, the Secretary for the Colonies.

The Earl of Derby: I believe the noble earl was a member of the Committee which reported against questions being put, of which only a private notice has been given.

The Earl of Carnarvon: If the noble lord thinks it is courteous to debar me from saying a few words, I will not further detain your lordships.

The Earl of Derby: No, no.

[The Earl of Carnarvon, however, resumed his seat.]

The Earl of Derby: Pray, go on.

The Earl of Carnarvon: As the noble earl withdraws his opposition, I will proceed.

The Earl of Derby: I offered no opposition.

The Earl of Carnarvon: At any rate, the noble earl seemed to have a disinclination to my addressing the House.

The Earl of Derby: I have no such disinclination."

It is seldom that the country has the opportunity of enjoying such a delicious wrangle between two noble Naggletons.

LORD EVERSLEY has presented a petition to the House of Lords from the owners and occupiers of land in the New Forest, complaining of the operation of the Deer Removal Act. By that Act, which was passed in 1851, we may remark, the Government acquired the power of inclosing 10,000 acres; but according to the petition some 20,000 acres have been inclosed to the injury of the commoners, who enjoy rights of pasturage for their cattle. Two noble lords, who have property in and adjoining the New Forest—the Duke of Buccleuch and the Earl of Malmesbury—took part in the conversation which followed, and the Duke of Buckingham, on behalf of the Government, promised that a careful report upon the state of the inclosures, and the portions which had been thrown out since the Deer Removal Act, should be laid before the House early next session. In these days of large cities the rights of the commoners cannot be too carefully guarded. Our commons, and heaths, and forests, are one by one disappearing. The New Forest will some day become as much a necessity to England as Hyde Park now is to London. The total extent of the New Forest is somewhere about 92,365 acres, of which 27,140 acres are private property. To the Duke of Buccleuch the inhabitants of the New Forest are much indebted for the way in which he keeps up the ruins of the old Cistercian Abbey at Beaulieu—one of the most charming spots in the forest—and for the liberality with which he throws them open to the public. We trust that he will still further increase his popularity by maintaining the rights of the commoners.

NOTWITHSTANDING the inexhaustible eloquence of Mr. Alderman Lawrence, the Bill for regulating the traffic of the metropolis was, on Wednesday last, read a second time in the House of Commons,

and there appears to be some probability that a valuable portion, if not the whole, of the measure will become law during the present session. It is difficult to see what objections there can exist to a Bill which interferes with the heavy traffic of London to no greater extent than to drive it into earlier and later hours, requires dust and ashes to be removed before ten o'clock in the morning, and coals to be delivered in certain scheduled streets during certain hours only. We must only assume that, although these regulations would benefit the public, they infringed upon the liberties of the City. This, at least, must have been the notion which influenced the Alderman, who, having exhausted the little he had to urge against the Bill, entertained the House with explanations establishing the fact that St. George's, Hanover-square, and the parish of St. Luke, in the neighbourhood of the City-road, are not in the same end of the town, and that the interests represented in St. James's and St. John's, Clerkenwell, are not, in all respects, identical with those that one may expect to find in Belgravia.

THE Commander-in-Chief has issued a general order authorizing commanding officers on the home stations to permit a certain number of soldiers to assist in the harvest. The permission is to be given only on the help of the soldiers being applied for, and even then it is to be limited to cases where it will not interfere with the employment of the population. The order reflects credit upon the common sense of the Duke of Cambridge. In such sudden changes in the weather as we are experiencing the assistance of the soldiers must confer a very material benefit upon farmers, and the men will be sure to thoroughly appreciate the holiday it will afford them.

WE are very glad to hear that the long projected monument to the late Earl of Carlisle is at last really to be carried out. The foundation-stone was laid this week. No situation could be better suited than that of Bulmer Hill for a monumental column. It will here not only serve as a landmark to the wide Vale of York, but will harmonize with the other monuments at Castle Howard. We are glad, however, to find that something more useful is also to be built to his memory—a chapel at the Castle Howard Reformatory, in which he took so much interest. The late Lord Carlisle was by no means one of those noblemen whom Mr. Carlyle has been praising. His chief virtue consisted in his extreme amiability. As a poet and a critic he leant too much to the artificial school of Pope and his followers. Yet this, perhaps, was somewhat owing to the influences under which he was brought up. Castle Howard, with its straight roads and trim avenues, is a reproduction, in spirit, at least, of Versailles. Lord Carlisle was, however, one of those noblemen who really took a deep interest in the welfare of his fellow-beings, and it is only right that his name should be preserved by two such monuments as these.

THE Irish Solicitor-General in conducting the prosecution against Moriarty, took occasion to go out of his way to compliment the informer Corydon, and to describe him as a person "to whom the country is under a deep obligation." We can hardly feel surprised that the Tory Irish Solicitor-General should praise an informer, when we remember that the present Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer has defended Judas Iscariot as a useful character.

THE Bishop of Oxford has been making an excellent speech in favour of middle-class education. But it is not the middle classes who require education so much as the lower. From some statistics that have just been published, we observe that crime increases in exact proportion with ignorance. The middle classes will take care of themselves, but we must take care of the lower classes.

THE season for railway accidents has again commenced, and will probably last, as usual, till the end of the autumn. Our daily contemporaries this week have had their columns filled with them. The cure, however, is in our hands. Juries must give higher damages in all cases of injuries. Companies then will soon find that it is cheaper in the long run to keep up a proper staff of servants and good rolling-stock and permanent way, than to pay for compensation.

WE see it stated in *Echoes from the Clubs* that Lord and Lady Amberley, who are about to make a tour in the United States,



are going to style themselves, as a compliment to the Republicans, Mr. and Mrs. Russell. It may just be worth while stating that this same joke was made many years ago *apropos* of Lord Amberley's grandfather, the Duke of Bedford.

THE number of "brutal assaults" is becoming a serious matter. This week at least a dozen constables have been maimed by burglars, garotters, or drunkards in London. It is evident that we do not punish these ruffians with sufficient severity, and that as the weather gets hotter and the days shorter, the people who are compelled to remain in town will suffer as great a risk in the streets as if they were in a country surrounded by wild Indians. When a prisoner is brought to the station, the scene which ensues on his conviction is appalling, and shows the wonderful spirit of association which exists amongst the criminal class. Nothing but the lash, and a free use of it, will put down this outrageous pestilence of cruelty and vice. These savages are gone beyond the influence of mildness, and a magistrate's mercy to them is simply a broken head, a torn uniform, or a smashed face to the next policeman who tries to arrest them.

MR. COLE is to buy "democratic jewellery" for the South Kensington Museum. Mr. Hunt, justifying Mr. Cole in his purchases, remarked that the £15,000 required for the purpose, would be "saved" out of the £116,000 already voted, and he spoke of this expenditure as being incurred "with a view to encourage economy in the administration of the fund." When Mr. Cole practises economy, and Mr. Hunt gives the reason for it, we may feel assured that the nation will benefit as much by the monetary discretion of the one, as it does by the political sagacity and clear-headed statesmanship of the other. In the case of the "democratic jewellery," however, we are, to some extent, with Mr. Cole, if by the term he means something more artistic in the fashion of pins, brooches, and bracelets, than is worn by the servants and peasants of this country. The Birmingham monstrosities sold by the ton in our arcades, are sufficiently villanous on Mr. Ruskin's principles to destroy the morality as well as the taste of the purchasers, and Mr. Cole will be doing the cause of education some service by introducing samples and patterns which may lead to a different fashion of ornament.

A NEW art has lately arisen in London. The streets are now paved, not with gold, but with advertisements. The flowers of language now blossom under our feet. Just as geologists read in the various strata the evidences of plesiosaurs and megalotheria, so now we may read the evidences of barbers and photographers. Shakespeare saw sermons in stones, but we now see advertisements in them. The stones, according to the fable, followed Orpheus; but now, judging by the verses, Orpheus follows the stones. Honour to whom honour is due. A clown of Drury Lane is said to be the inventor of this new method of advertising. We hope he took out a patent for his invention.

SOME clergymen are just now earning an unenviable notoriety. Last week we chronicled the fact that a Dissenter was imprisoned in Taunton jail for not paying Church-rates; this week we have to announce that the Rev. H. N. Barton, of St. Ervan, Cornwall, was fined five pounds and costs by the bench of magistrates at St. Colomb, for cruelty to twenty sheep. The moral appears to be that by the law of England these clergymen may torture a man, but not a sheep.

THE House of Lords on Thursday last gave their judgment in the Overend Gurney appeal, affirming the decision of Vice-Chancellor Malins, who refused to remove the appealing shareholders from the register, and dismissed the appeal without costs. It is to be hoped that this decision will terminate the litigation so long carried on between the shareholders and liquidators.

## FINE ARTS.

### THE LONDON THEATRES.

A "new" drama in three acts, called "The Grasshopper"—which shows what dramatic authors will do to avoid the labour of inventing a story for a play—was produced at the Olympic Theatre on Wednesday night, to introduce two American actresses, known as the Sisters Webb to a London public. "The Grasshopper" is an English edition, by Mr. Benjamin Webster, junior, of an

American play called "Fanchon the Cricket," translated from a German drama which was founded upon George Sand's French novel of "La petite Fadette." In character and design it is little more than Mr. Buckstone's "Good for Nothing," in three acts, with a very conventional witch, a copy of Daddy Hardacre, and the shadow-dance, burlesqued from "Dinorah," introduced. The play may be called pastoral, which will justify a certain weakness of construction and poorness of dialogue, and its length is out of proportion to its interest. If intended to display the talents of both the sisters to the best advantage it fails, but if only intended to display the ability of one sister in a gushing, impulsive style of Yankee-girl and sentimental acting, it succeeds. There is nothing in the chief character,—"Fanchon, the Grasshopper,"—a half-wild country hoyden, who is converted to clean hands and clean linen by her love for a young farmer, whose life she has saved,—which Miss E. Farren, and other young ladies in the profession could not compass. Miss Ada Webb has a new name and a fresh face, and plenty of "go" to carry her through such an impersonation. There was no trace of diffidence in her acting, but plenty of self-possession and self-abandonment. Much of her performance is disfigured by the wild extravagance common to all American comic actresses, but mixed up with this is a great deal of natural fun and somewhat overstrained pathos. Her appearance is interesting, and her voice, loud, American, and peculiar. Miss Emma Webb, who personates a very unreal old lady, who is taken for a witch by the Breton peasantry, is not calculated to make an impression in such melodramatic characters. Her voice is thin and weak, her figure childish, and her manner very artificial. The drama has considerable rustic humour and character in some of its scenes, and is well acted by the members of the Olympic company engaged in it. Mr. Horace Wigan plays a grasping old farmer with great force and finish, Mr. Dominick Murray is sharp and amusing as a comic village tradesman, Mr. John Clayton is a manly and sensible lover, and Miss Sheridan shows unusual spirit as a shrewish village belle. The scenery, though not altogether new, is pretty and effective, and the dresses are probably correct, but are certainly not very graceful for the ladies. The drama belongs to the same class as "Leah," "Dora," &c., but its success is more likely to equal that of the latter than of the former.

## SCIENCE.

### SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

A VERY important report on the relation of cow-pox to small-pox has been presented to the French Academy of Medicine by M. Danet. The following are among the more important conclusions at which M. Danet has arrived:—1. Cow-pox and small-pox are two distinct maladies. 2. Cow-pox does not predispose the patient to any affection. 3. There is no relation between typhoid fever and small-pox. 4. The vaccine matter after a time loses its anti-variolic properties. 5. The vaccine matter is a better preventive of small-pox than the variolous matter. 6. Vaccine matter should be renewed. 7. Predisposition to small-pox is greater among the young and aged than among the middle-aged. 8. Revaccination is essential. 9. Even those who have had small-pox should be vaccinated. 10. In passing through the organism, the vaccine matter borrows certain of the matters from the constitution, vaccination, therefore, from arm to arm may be objectionable. 11. The febrile state is unfavourable to the satisfactory action of the vaccine matter.

A pocket microscope, of a simple and cheap kind, has been prepared by Messrs. Frith, the opticians. It consists of a small lens, of exceedingly short focus (1-25th of an inch, according to the makers), which is fitted into a brass tube. Immediately beneath the lens is a glass plate, in which such objects as cheese-mites, wheel-animalcules, &c., are to be placed. At the other extremity of the tube is a diaphragm, the object of which we do not perceive. The manufacturers' prospectus styles the lens the eye-piece; the plate on which the object is held the object-glass; and the diaphragm the condenser. As these applications of well-known optical expressions are not in accordance with the terminology of microscopists, they are likely to lead to error. The lens has a high magnifying power; but it has certain optical disadvantages.

The authenticity of the letters of Pascal, which were laid before the French Academy by M. Chasles, has been called in question.

A paper has been read before the Société Philomathique of Paris, by M. Alix, on the comparative anatomy of mammals and birds. M. Alix points out, by reference to the several muscles, that the muscular system of birds contains elements absent from that of mammals, and *vice versa*.

M. Janssen announces an important discovery which he has just made, viz., that in a spectrum analysis of some of the stars, he has seen bands which indicate the presence of aqueous vapour in these bodies. He observed this especially in the case of the spectrum of Antares. In order to avoid any error through the presence of atmospheric vapour, M. Janssen conducted his experiments at Etna, where the air is remarkably rare and dry. Researches made at Palermo and Marseilles, lead him to conclude that there is water-vapour in the atmosphere of both Mars and Saturn.

M. Vulpian has been making a number of experiments on dogs, with a view to discover the mode of origin and progress of inflammations of the heart. So far as the results go, we do not think that they justify the means adopted. The experiments were cruel,



and produced little valuable result to medicine or physiology. In each case the animal was laid on its back, and the flesh having been opened with a scalpel just over the point at which the apex of the heart strikes the chest, a trochar was driven into the cavity of the heart. This being effected, small portions of copper wire, pieces of wood, and so forth, were introduced into the heart, and the instrument was then removed. The animals being then released, some of them died and some recovered. Post-mortem examination showed that in some cases the wires had penetrated the substance of the heart, and in others had been forced by the blood-current into the arteries, in some of which their further passage was obstructed. In one instance, the copper wire lodged in the subclavian artery, and produced a well-marked endo-arteritis, consisting of a softening of the walls, fissure of the inner membrane, and a sort of vegetation.

On Wednesday evening next (21st) astronomers, professional and amateur, should all turn their telescopes on Jupiter, who will on that occasion exhibit a phenomenon which has not been seen half a dozen times in all, and which was last observed by Dawes and Griesbach in September 27th, 1843. Jupiter will rise at 7.30, and if the weather be favourable, the more striking features of the phenomenon which will take place may be watched with telescopes of even moderate power. At four minutes past ten Jupiter will be seen unaccompanied by his satellites, that is to say none of them will appear external to the disk. Large telescopes, however, will show the satellites crossing his disk. The whole of the phenomena and the nature of the movements of the satellites are described by Mr. Proctor, in the last number of the *Popular Science Review*.

Recent experiments reported to one of the French scientific societies show that in experiments on animals with poisonous substances it is necessary to be cautious in drawing conclusions. For example, it was stated some time ago by M. Cl. Bernard that sulpho-cyanide of potassium prevented muscular action. This effect M. Vulpian finds to be purely topical. The action is confined to the parts immediately adjacent to the point at which the drug is administered. The inquiries of the "Sub-Cutaneous Committee" of the Medico-Chirurgical Society, which have just been published, tell a similar tale.

Signor Blaserna of the University of Palermo has just discovered that the view that induction currents are instantaneously produced is inaccurate. He finds that at least the 1-200th of a second elapses before the induction current is established, and that it requires an appreciable time for the current, when established, to reach its maximum.

M. Scontetten has described and figured some curious surgical instruments, recently found in what is supposed to have been a surgeon's house at Herculaneum. Several specimens were found, but the following show in an especial manner the advanced condition of surgery at the date of the destruction of Herculaneum! "Sounds" for male and female adults, and for children; a *speculum uteri* with two, and another with three valves; and a *speculum ani*. Some of our modern inventors will be surprised to find their discoveries in use so far back as two thousand years since.

Herr Unger has transmitted to the Academy of Sciences of Vienna descriptions of a series of fossil plants from Saint Wolfgang and Neue-Welt. The specimens were found chiefly in the lower cretaceous deposit.

From what we can learn of the character of the Museum of the city of Paris, which is soon to be established, there is reason to believe that it will, to a certain extent, correspond to the Art (and Science?) Museum of South Kensington.

M. Champy has invented an ingenious form of fireproof dress. The clothes are woollen, but the waist-belt is in connection with the fire-engine, and being provided with a stop-cock, the wearer can instantly saturate himself with water.

If we are to believe the statements of the Abbé Zantadeschi, the climate of Catania is the most agreeable in the world, and the one best adapted to persons suffering from pulmonary affections.

According to Dr. Letheby's report, the water supplied by the "Kent" Company was last month perfectly free from organic matter of animal origin (?).

## MONEY AND COMMERCE.

### THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

The money market remains without material alteration. There is, perhaps, less disposition to lend at  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., but still a good deal of business takes place at that figure, while the nominal rates for three-months' bills are quoted at  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{3}{4}$ . The Bank yesterday made no change in the official minimum, which consequently remains at 2 per cent. None was expected, since the fineness of the weather in the latter part of the last and the commencement of the present week, has necessarily led to the usual large absorption of coin for harvest purposes. On the other hand, between £800,000 and £900,000 in gold is known to be on the way from Australia, of which a considerable portion is now due. It seems probable, however, that the imports from New York will experience a diminution. The exchange has latterly taken an adverse turn, and the period is now approaching for the shipments of cotton,

which in ordinary years take the place of specie. It is possible also that we shall require larger quantities of corn than had lately been expected, the sudden change in the weather yesterday having taken place at a critical moment. Still, there is as yet no ground of apprehension for the harvest. A few days' rain, in fact, will do more good than harm. If it retard the gathering-in of cereals, at least it materially benefits the root crops. A continuance of wet would, however, be necessarily followed by a comparative deficiency, and thus entail considerable importations of bread-stuffs from the United States. These also would be equivalent to the despatch of so much specie. There is little or no likelihood that we shall experience any demand for gold from the Continent. There is already more there than can be safely used. The accumulation at the Bank of France, which proceeds at an unexampled rate week after week, is proof positive on this point. A few sums are doubtless occasionally sent over, but they only represent remittances to France and Germany from North or South America, passing through this country in transition. As regards the East, the amounts of silver exported are still so insignificant that they cannot affect the money market in any appreciable degree.

During the last week the joint-stock banks, seeing apparently the impossibility of employing the whole of their surplus funds in ordinary commercial business, have been buying Government stock to a very large extent. These operations, together with the late fineness of the weather, necessarily caused prices to rise. The movement was stimulated by the Government broker commencing his purchases for the Sinking Fund, the total to be invested before the close of the quarter being over £550,000, or about £20,000 a day during the four days in the week on which, according to custom, these transactions are effected. Notwithstanding the above-mentioned favourable features, the public do not appear to have entirely shaken off the distrust engendered by the events of the past fifteen months. It is true that when Consols fell to a low price, the small capitalists purchased freely. That was the first stage of the reaction. The second has yet to come. Directly the funds rise to a certain point the previous purchasers become desirous to sell. Doubting more or less all kinds of investments, they regard only the opportunity of getting their money safely back, and at the same time of realizing a good profit. Of late the favourite price at which to sell out has been 95, and hence whenever that point has been reached the offers of stock have been sufficiently numerous not merely to prevent a further advance, but to cause a reaction. There are some indications, however, that a more hopeful feeling will shortly prevail, especially if the harvest should turn out well. When small investors see that the bankers are purchasing stock, not for speculation, but to hold permanently, they are sure, although perhaps somewhat slowly, to follow the example. Doubtless if they were to buy now at  $94\frac{3}{4}$  or 95, and saw a rise to 97, many persons would be disposed to take the profit and realize at once. But it is a well-established fact in these cases, that the higher the quoted value, the more inclined the present holder is to retain his security. Where there would be three sellers at 95, there would be only two at 97, and perhaps none at all at 99. There appears little doubt also that the depositors in the joint-stock banks will soon become tired of receiving no more than 1 per cent. on their money, and as safety combined with a fair rate of interest are their chief objects, Consols naturally offer them the greatest attraction.

Although railway affairs still remain in a state of nearly hopeless confusion, the public have latterly shown a disposition to buy most of the leading stocks. The belief, however, is entertained that these transactions are chiefly speculative. The purchases are usually made on country account, and it is pretty well known on borrowed money. A small farmer or tradesman, with, say £200 to spare, will buy £2,000 stock with the intention of reselling on the first favourable opportunity, getting an advance of £1,800 from his banker to complete the purchase. The banker is perfectly safe, since he holds the stock with the power of sale, and has a margin of 10 per cent. against any fall in the current value. Of course the cheapness of money will facilitate these transactions. It is surmised that the improvement in prices, and the scarcity of stock in the market during the last two or three accounts can be thus accounted for, and not from *bonâ-fide* investments to be held permanently. Yesterday afternoon there was, from this opinion, a renewal of speculative sales, and a general decline consequently took place.

This day last year the Bank rate of discount which had been at 10 per cent. for more than three months, was reduced to 8, a sign that the worst part of the crisis of 1866 had passed away.



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## ESSAYS ON RELIGION AND LITERATURE.\*

AN anxiety to understand the characteristics of modern society both within and without Catholicism, to take note of the floating opinions and popular tendencies of the day, and to combat with intellectual weapons heterodox or irreligious movements as they spring up from time to time, becomes every year more and more observable among English Romanists. The tendency has no doubt been much increased by the fresh energy and intellectual ability imparted into that communion by the converts of the last twenty years. The wild dream of the return of the English nation into the Catholic fold, to which recent phenomena within the Established Church have supplied a new vitality, fosters the desire of a more intimate acquaintance and apparent sympathy with all that is stirring in the national mind, while the ability and varied experience of Cardinal Wiseman's successor at Westminster is of no slight service in organizing and directing schemes for ascertaining and confronting anti-Catholic symptoms and tendencies. Such, it appears, was the origin of the "Academia," a sort of half-literary, half-religious association of enlightened Roman Catholics, lay and ecclesiastical, which was formed six years ago, if not at the suggestion, at any rate under the superintendence, of Cardinal Wiseman. Its members meet at a stated time, and hold a certain number of sittings, at which papers on various questions of theology, politics, criticism, and general literature are read and discussed. One volume containing several such essays by the leading "Academists" appeared about two years ago, and was noticed in our columns; the editor, Archbishop Manning, has now given us a second "Series," among the contributions to which appear the familiar names of Dr. Ward, Oakeley, Lucas, and Henry Wilberforce, besides that of Dr. Manning. How active a part in the movement is played by converts to the Romish Church may be judged by the fact that all, or nearly all, the contributors to this series have been once well-known members of the Establishment. The book, as we might expect from the names and antecedents of the several authors, is not devoid of interest or ability of a certain kind. But many of the papers are terribly rambling and diffuse; some would have read better in the form of a sermon; in others there is an elaborateness of arrangement and parade of logic that is rendered somewhat ludicrous by the commonplace character of the conclusions established; the style is often stilted and wordy, and, in one or two of the papers, slipshod. But what offends us most is the tone of special pleading noticeable in every page—a pleading, moreover, less in favour of truth, charity, and knowledge, than of unedifying dogma, Church authority, and Papal infallibility.

Though we cannot assent to Dr. Ward's main thesis, that intellectual excellence has no part whatever in the perfection of man, his essay appears to us the best in the volume. He keeps closely to his point; he states his propositions clearly and precisely; while, in his descriptions of persons and parties, such, for example, as that of the "Muscular Christians," a spice of the old humour mingles pleasantly with his graver utterances. As to the substance of his essay, there is likely to be great difference of opinion, not only between Protestants and Roman Catholics, but also among the most enlightened members of his own communion. It is quite possible to maintain, with some show of reason, that a worship of pure intellect is among the doubtful, or even dangerous, tendencies of our age. It is perfectly natural that the advocates of an unchangeable creed and an infallible authority should dispute the supremacy of a power that is apt to question the one and deny the other. It may, also, be true that belief in the excellence of man's intellectual nature is inconsistent with St. Ignatius's exercises, the teaching of St. Thomas, and other Catholic tenets and practices. But Dr. Ward must not wonder if less biassed readers are led to inquire, on independent grounds, whether moral and spiritual excellence can be so entirely separated as he imagines from intellectual power; whether the "perfection of the will," in which he places the *ἀρετή* of man, be altogether, as he supposes, independent of the choice of ends and balancing of means and analysis of motives, all of which are, more or less, purely mental exercises; and what, according to his theory, would become of the world and of society, in which each man was engaged in a single task, "the contemplation of supernatural truth," and was influenced by a single motive, the salvation of his individual soul? A great thinker, says our author, is very apt to be proud and self-sufficient; but this is no more an argument against the dignity of intellect than the narrowness, fanaticism, and immobility of many highly-spiritual persons is an argument against the nobleness of faith or the merits of devotion. All the faculties of man, whether moral, spiritual, or intellectual, have of course their special failings, to which they are liable—one no more and no less than the other. It is, undoubtedly, the case that the pretensions of the Romish system receive their greatest shocks from the insurrection of the intellect, while the Church attracts her proselytes mostly through the submissiveness of the will; and therefore we can feel little surprise that one who, like our author, conceives no truth, no excellence, and no salvation to exist outside the pale of Catholicism, should consider man's perfection to centre in those parts of his nature that incline him to yield an unquestioning obedience to the creed and cult of an Infallible Church.

\* Essays on Religion and Literature. By Various Writers. Edited by Archbishop Manning. Second Series. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

The subject of "Inspiration" is handled in this volume by Archbishop Manning, but in a way as inadequate to the importance of the question as it is unworthy of the author's abilities. The essay contains numerous distinctions, definitions, and quotations, bearing on particular points of the subject. But there is no grasp of the question as a whole, no disposition to face the real difficulties felt on the matter by conscientious believers. We do not want to read feeble refutations nowadays of Manichæan or Marcionite theories on the subject. On what is, perhaps, the most important point of modern theological controversy, we require a candid study of the latest and most powerful opponents of Biblical inspiration, and a calm rational reply to the objections which they present. Dr. Manning, on the contrary, after suggesting one or two of these latter objections, prefers, instead of specific replies, to give his readers "general reflections," remarkable neither for profundity or novelty, such, for example, as "that Holy Scripture does not contain a revelation of what are called physical sciences,"—that "no system of chronology is laid down in the sacred books,"—and "that historical narratives may appear incredible, and yet be true," which three suppositions suffice, in the Archbishop's mind, and we suspect in no one's else, to cover all the difficulties alleged against the historical character and intrinsic credibility of Holy Scripture! Dr. Manning, at the close of his essay, does refer to some of the inconsistencies and contradictions dwelt on by Bishop Colenso, but he does not pretend to offer any solution. Science (he argues) has its "residual difficulties," why should not revelation? as though the latter was not given for the express purpose of enlightening what would otherwise be obscure, and determining what otherwise would be doubtful. Besides, "the Church existed before the Bible," and the Church maintains the Scripture to be exempt from every shade of error. So let the difficulties and contradictions be multiplied ten thousand times, they will not affect Dr. Manning in the least degree. Even if the facts of irreconcilable statements, impossible figures, and such like, are established, *tant pis pour les faits*; the Church does not change her dogmas, nor the Archbishop his opinions.

We must pass over Mr. Lucas' very diffuse essay "On Christianity in relation to Civil Society." Neither will our space allow us to sketch for our readers—still less to criticise—what Mr. Christian calls the "Philosophy of Christianity." It is sufficient to say that we do not find in the latter essay any of the great problems handled that the title might naturally have led us to expect, while some ten pages are devoted to the "Rapture of the Sacred Heart," explained on the principles of modern physiology, as a proof of the reality of our Lord's death! Mr. Patterson gives us something far more readable, even where we cannot agree with him in his dissertation on the use of certain sacrificial terms by St. Paul, which tend to show that that apostle's silence on the "Eucharistic sacrifice" is not so complete as some writers affirm. Many of his hearers did not, we presume, require the author's elaborate statement of the reasons why the apostle wrote in Hellenistic Greek; and the suggestion that St. Paul's education in Jerusalem at Gamaliel's feet and his fluency in Hebrew "were precautions taken by his father to secure him against the Hellenizing influence of Tarsus" seems to us to lack authority rather than ingenuity. However, once that Mr. Patterson is in the heart of his subject, he keeps rigidly to the point. His view is that certain terms, such as *λειτουργία*, *προσφορά*, *ἁγίασμα* and others are used purposely by St. Paul in a technical sense to express the character of the Christian system as a sacrificial ministry exercised on sacrificial acts. Of course, the view is not a new one: ever since the fourth century or even earlier, each verse and word of the New Testament that seemed in the least degree to favour the sacerdotal and sacrificial idea of the Eucharist has been dragged from its context, and its contents pressed and tortured into support of a preconceived belief. Though Mr. Patterson has stated his case fairly and concisely, we do not think that he has added any new passages in confirmation of Catholic views; and he certainly does not seem disposed to modify in any way the extraordinary perversions of plain words, into which dogmatic zeal has before now led scholars that might have known better, e.g.; he makes much, as we might expect, of the *τοῦτο ποιεῖτε, κ.τ.λ.*, in 1 Cor. xi. 25, translating it, "offer sacrificially this cup;" and although no sacrifice had yet taken place when the words were uttered, he maintains that the *εἰς ἀνάμνησιν* which follows, denotes exclusively commemoration of the offering of Christ. "If," he concludes, "our Lord's passion was an offering or sacrifice, that thing which commemorates it must be a sacrifice too." For our part, we are as little satisfied with the logic as with the interpretation: it is not, however, the only fallacy that is involved in the doctrine of the Mass.

On the whole, we cannot say much for these "Essays on Religion and Literature." The "religion" is of the strictest sect of Ultramontanism—arrogant, narrow, and uncompromising; the "literature" consists in a great measure of a caricature of philosophy, and abuse of science. Nothing is more hated by writers of this school than an independent, unbiassed search after truth, whether in the department of science, philosophy, or theology. All speculation they would have confined to the limits laid down by the Church; all conclusions must be checked by reference to the infallible decisions of an old man, who never solved a metaphysical problem, or made a scientific experiment, in his life. Such postulates, we need hardly say, are as fatal to literary, as to philosophical success. Dr. Manning and his "Academicians" may succeed in filling a great many pages with elaborate plausibilities in proof of foregone conclusions; but as long as they write in



their present temper and spirit they will neither produce convictions, nor add to the stock of truth in theology or philosophy, in history or literature.

### I MIEI RICORDI, DI MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO.\*

"*QUÆSIVI justitiam et odivi iniquitatem*," is the text placed at the head of the first chapter of one of the most interesting autobiographies we have ever read; and how true that sentence is to the guiding principle of Massimo d'Azeglio's life, those who watched his part in the struggle for Italian independence know full well. We cannot give our readers a better outline of the work about to be introduced to their notice than is sketched by Marchesa Ricci d'Azeglio in the preface to her father's memoirs, in the following words:—"From the most trivial descriptions, from the most broadly comic scenes, the narrative often rises, with incredible rapidity and ease, to the gravest philosophical and political considerations; and not unfrequently the author enters, when you least expect it, into historical disputes which he treats with the learning of a master, interweaving at each step useful teachings, very appropriate to the passing moment." A book so varied in its contents cannot but have something to suit all classes of readers, and the change of scene or topic is so frequent that there is never room for weariness. But perhaps one of its most attractive characteristics is the clearness with which the individual man stands before us, with all his home affections, his love for art and letters, his still stronger and never-dying love for his country, his outspoken frankness—in fact, to crown all with a Briton's highest notion of praise, the English manliness of his nature. Of all the divisions of the Italian Peninsula, Piedmont is the one which in its history and the character of its people offers the closest resemblance to England. In both countries we find a love of constitutional liberty, and a resolution to preserve it at all costs; in both races a seriousness of character which at one time bears the aspect of severe inflexibility of purpose, at another degenerates into stiffness. The celebrated sentence which describes the English as "taking their pleasures sadly," whether it be rightly or wrongly fathered upon Froissart, is yet not a bad example of this feature. A good story, illustrating the Spartan severity of Piedmontese education, is told in the pages that recount D'Azeglio's early days. If he or any of the other children complained of feeling pain, their father was wont to remind them, partly in jest, but with a serious purport, that a "Piedmontese, after he has had his arms and legs broken, and been twice run through the body, may then, but not before, say that he does not feel quite well"! It is entirely in accordance with such a high standard of silent suffering that the chief care of D'Azeglio's parents should have been directed towards accustoming their children to life "as it would in reality present itself to them in after years, that is, in acquiring the power of self-sacrifice, in learning how to suffer." Taught in such a school, with a father whose guiding principles were "duty and affection," and a mother who, though unable from ill health to contribute much towards their education in the "wisdom of the Egyptians," yet "by precept and example" gave them a "still more valuable teaching, the education of the heart, the right direction of the affections and feelings," it is not wonderful that, through all the changes of a varied and stirring life, the remembrance of the unbroken home circle should come back with vivid freshness to the writer of the "Ricordi."

In a letter to his intimate friend, M. Rendu, in February, 1863, D'Azeglio says:—"I have undertaken a lengthy work. I am writing the recollections of my relations and friends, of myself and of my own time. Is that enough? It is a framework that may contain everything, and which will permit me to *empty my bag*. I need not tell you that I shall try to be just, which means as sincere as if I was writing from the other world." And the effect of this thorough simplicity and frankness is that the reading of D'Azeglio's memoirs leaves upon the mind the impression that one has been holding a long and deeply interesting conversation with a man of letters, with an artist, with a statesman of the highest rank. The personality of the writer is so continually before us that it is not till we reach the last pages, with their fragmentary sentences, gathered from scattered writings in the possession of one of D'Azeglio's most intimate Italian friends, Cavalier Torelli, that the living presence ceases and we are reminded that the pen which charmed us is laid aside for ever, and that the voice which spoke burning words of encouragement or rebuke is no longer to be heard in the halls where it was so often raised. Born in 1798, Massimo d'Azeglio's early years were associated with the memory of his country's subjection to the conquering arms of the first Napoleon. His father, a colonel in the royal Piedmontese army, during the contest with republican France, was taken prisoner in an action on the Little St. Bernard, and carried into an exile that lasted till the armistice of Cherasco. He was at first reported dead, and the revulsion on receiving the news of his safety was almost as severe to Madame d'Azeglio as had been the bearing of her supposed loss. He was released with honours from the French Government of the day for his laudable delicacy in refusing his liberty when offered on the condition of not bearing arms any more against the enemies of his sovereign. And, however far behind their father Massimo and his brothers think they were in self-sacrifice and loftiness of feeling, they are sure that "whatever good deeds they may have accom-

plished in the course of their lives are due to his fair and honoured example." Truly a pleasant record to be graven with the pen of mature years! When Piedmont had been finally incorporated in the French Republic, the house of D'Azeglio removed from what had become to them a "scene of misery" to Florence, which was then a "land of exile" for a Turinese family. Here they lived for some time, with the bitterness of banishment somewhat softened by the society which surrounded them. Young Massimo's earliest recollections of Florentine life are associated with the names of Vittorio Alfieri, the "initiator of the national idea of Italy;" the Countess of Albany, whom Massimo remembers as a stout lady dressed entirely in white, with a great "fichu à la Marie Antoinette;" Count Prospero Balbo, the father of a subsequent fellow-worker of D'Azeglio in the regeneration of their country, besides several old friends, likewise exiles from Turin. When the fall of Napoleon brought the House of Savoy back, and the king "had his own again," young D'Azeglio's good fortune enabled him to visit Rome, in the suite of his father, who was sent as special envoy to the Pope, at a time when he could make the acquaintance of some of the most famous artists this century has known. Canova and Thorwaldsen were then among the living celebrities of Rome and of Europe. But this semi-diplomatic residence in the Eternal City was not the real beginning of D'Azeglio's political life. He was to be an artist and a soldier before he became a statesman. Nominally he remained a soldier throughout his career as a Minister, and he was sent into the Legations in 1859 to keep order, as a major-general, with the power of the sword, which perhaps was expected to be swallowed up in a dictatorship as events required. An artist he ever was in feeling, as none who read his memoirs can doubt, and as the list of his paintings shows that he was in practice. In Rome, as an eccentric young man who refused to boast himself of his titles, and who had very little money in his pocket; in Milan, as a sober married man (his wife was Manzoni's daughter); at Cannero, his favourite retreat of later years, on the blue waters of Lago Maggiore, the palette and the brush were Massimo d'Azeglio's constant resource, either for his own support, or purely as a recreation. But it was with his pen, next to his statecraft, that Massimo d'Azeglio served Italy best, whether we take into account his well-known "Historical Tales," his numerous political pamphlets and speeches, his correspondence with M. Rendu, which we hope shortly to lay before our readers, or the unfinished volumes in which he wrote so truthfully and unreservedly his recollections of himself and his times.

Nothing that ever came from the pen of Massimo D'Azeglio was written without a purpose. If he became a novelist, it was in order that, by gaining the attention of his fellow-countrymen to the history of their past, he might teach them how to suffer and how to fight for their country, when the future, lying dimly discernible before them, should claim all their endurance, and require all their valour. In "Ettore Fieramosca" he taught the Italians how to fight for their national honour; in "Niccolò de' Lapi" he taught them how to die for their liberty. This was his work from 1830 to 1840. In 1846 he cast down the gauntlet at once to despotism and to insurrection in Florence, the capital of an Austrian Grand Duke, by publishing the "Ultimi Casi di Romagna," and reaped his reward in exile. In 1848 his "Lutti di Lombardia," as his son-in-law, Marquis Matteo Ricci, says in an interesting biographical appendix to the "Ricordi," was considered an "event rather than a book." As late as December, 1865, he was writing his Memoirs, and said, after reading them to a friend at Cannero, "Now I am happy; I can say that I have well earned my day." He had traced the last lineaments of what, notwithstanding its incompleteness, must be held by all to be his best picture, the "Memoirs of himself and his times." There are few who, when penning such a record, could write, as did Massimo d'Azeglio in all truth and sincerity, that "for years he never had an enmity in his heart against any man," and who could think that he "never should have had any but for politics." ("Ricordi," i. p. 94). And the whole tenor of his life bears witness to the truth of another assertion (i. p. 123), that "as his readers would see, if God gave him life to write it, his ambition never had anything to do with titles, palaces, offices, and such gewgaws." Those who are sufficiently conversant with Italian literature to study the "Ricordi" in the original, pending the time when, as we trust, an English version may be given to the public, will find it a book easier to take up than to lay down. They will be fascinated by lively sketches of a state of society that has completely passed away, of homes that are broken up, of principalities and powers, some of which have crumbled to dust, and others are utterly changed so as scarcely to be recognised. They will, in the course of events narrated in the "Ricordi," see many strange things come to pass, and feel how truly facts are often more wonderful than fictions. Victor Amadeus II., destitute of everything, "for l'honneur," scouring Piedmont that was no longer his own, at the head of a band of horsemen, and tearing asunder the collar of his order, the only possession left him besides his sword and his stout heart, in order to give money to the poor peasants whose huts were burnt and whose savings were scattered, presents a picture for whose parallel we must turn to the chronicles of the exiled Stuarts. We know not to whom we can liken Charles Albert, "long a mystery to the Italians of his time, and perhaps," says D'Azeglio, in a most interesting account of a personal interview held in 1845, "so far as his later conduct has been explained, ever to remain a partial mystery to historians." Swaying to and fro between great ideas of the independence of Italy, and alliances with Austrian

\* I miei Ricordi, di Massimo d'Azeglio. Firenze: Barbèra. London: Rolandi.



princesses, between tendencies to the aggrandisement of the House of Savoy, and courting the Jesuits, it is not wonderful that "no one trusted Charles Albert." D'Azeglio, returning from a tour in Romagna and Tuscany, told the King how matters stood in those districts, and the necessity for guiding the explosion that sooner or later must come. "Tell your friends," said the King, "to remain quiet, and not move at a moment when nothing is to be gained; but assure them that *when the occasion comes, my life, the life of my sons, my arms, my treasures, my army, all shall be spent for the Italian cause.*" D'Azeglio could not believe his own ears, and repeated the King's words to make sure he was right. The King nodded his head and embraced his visitor, who left him, amazed at the words that had been uttered—memorable words, whose truth was so nobly proved that even the disastrous field of Novara was perhaps the most glorious monument Charles Albert could have desired to the sincerity with which they had been spoken. And he who records this remarkable conversation, and regrets the doubt that long shrouded his belief in the King's honesty, lays it to heart as a solemn warning against tortuous dealings, and prays his fellow-countrymen, in his "Religious and Political Will," to bear in mind that "the independence of a people is the consequence of independence of character." We trust that all honest men and true, whether Italians or not, will accord Massimo d'Azeglio the reward he desired, of remembering him when taken from among them.

#### MR. ARNOLD'S NEW POEMS.\*

MODERN poetry seems to be more and more divorcing itself from the work and thought of the day. Our poets set their songs to the music of the past. They see the splendours of the setting and not of the rising sun. In the twilight of the evening, and not in the clear dawn of morning, is Memnon now vocal. Enchanted by the melody of Tennyson's verse, we have become, in poetry, mere lotus-eaters. Never, perhaps, has form been carried to such perfection as in his lines. Never before have words been married to such subtle rhythm. Never has still-life been so exquisitely painted. Yet the one thing needful has been omitted. The spirit of the age—that which makes all our modern greatness—finds scarcely any reflex in his lines. The mighty enterprises of commerce—our docks, our steam fleets, our gigantic towns—the world's workshops—the blast furnaces that light up our northern counties by night, the tunnels piercing through our hills, the viaducts spanning our valleys—might just as well have never been, as far as modern poetry is concerned. Once or twice, perhaps, Tennyson has alluded to them, as in "Locksley Hall." But the railroad and the steamship, and, most of all, "the thoughts that shake mankind"—the new views of philosophy and the discoveries of science, are all unsung. It has been well said that Milton, with our present geological knowledge, could not now have written his "Paradise Lost." Possibly so. Yet in "In Memoriam" we may witness the touchingspectacle of the poet, though acknowledging the truths of science, yet still combating them, not indeed offering any solution of the "painful riddle of the earth," but simply crying out, "Behind the Veil, behind the Veil;" may see him, as in "The Two Voices," finding refuge, not in practical action, but in a vague mysticism which appeals to the senses. Once indeed Tennyson took for his theme the one great event of the moment, but it was unfortunately only to throw himself on the side of passion, and to preach the gospel of the sword. Whilst Mr. Mill was upholding the doctrine of self-government and of liberty, the poet Laureate set up in "Maud" the curse of war as the cure for the nation. And in many respects Mr. Matthew Arnold approaches Tennyson, if not in luxuriance of imagery and richness of colouring, yet certainly in delicacy of language, exquisiteness of polish, and harmony of rhythm. But it is not so much in form as in spirit that Mr. Arnold resembles the elder poet. The form is different, but the spirit is the same. Mr. Arnold, perhaps, even more clearly than the Laureate, discerns the signs of the times, yet he makes but a faint attempt to solve any of our modern problems. He knows them well, as the following piece entitled "Pis-Aller" shows:—

"Man is blind because of sin;  
Revelation makes him sure.  
Without that, who looks within  
Looks in vain, for all's obscure."

"Nay, look closer into man!  
Tell me, can you find indeed  
Nothing sure, no moral plan  
Clear prescribed, without your creed?"

"No, I nothing can perceive;  
Without that, all's dark for men.  
That, or nothing, I believe.—  
'For God's sake believe it then!'"

Here the answer answers nothing. It is for the man who does not believe, that some answer is required. And in Mr. Arnold's new sonnets we find the same uneasy antagonism with the spirit of the age,—the same cry "de profundis," the same "Behind the Veil, behind the Veil," which meets us in "In Memoriam." The poet indeed sings in vain who does not bring some comfort with him. And both Mr. Arnold and Mr. Tennyson, when they touch

upon the subject of our most earnest inquiries,—of our minds' misgivings, mock us with the cynicism of futile answers. Mr. Arnold knows well the heart's perplexities in these days of unbelief, and yet only once or twice does he preach, even when evading the main question, some positive philosophy, as in "Anti-Desperation":—

"Long fed on boundless hopes, O race of man,  
How angrily thou spurn'st all simpler fare!  
Christ, some one says, was human, as we are;  
No judge eyes us from heaven, our sins to scan;  
We live no more, when we have done our span.  
'Well, then, for Christ,' thou answerest, who can care?  
From sin, which Heaven records not, why forbear?  
Live we like brutes our life without a plan!  
So answerest thou; but why not rather say:  
'Hath man no second life?—Pitch this one high!  
Sits there no judge in heaven, our sin to see?—  
More strictly, then, the inward judge obey!  
Was Christ a man like us? Ah! let us try  
If we then, too, can be such men as he!'"

And yet how poor is this beside that magnificent passage with which Mill closed his St. Andrew's address—a passage which must have comforted thousands of desponding minds, and braced them up to the practical duties of life. And we have called attention to this deficiency of moral courage in our modern poetry because it is so much on the increase. We do not face the problems of the day, but take refuge in a vague mysticism, and lull our thoughts to rest with picturesque analogies. Yet once or twice, in spite of the general tone of the poems, in spite of such phrases as "men's impious uproar," "brutal world," and others conceived in Wordsworth's narrowest mood, Mr. Arnold every now and then strikes the true chord—of the necessity of free-will and the unspeakable value of energy and self-government. In this strain he concludes a poem on "Youth and Calm":—

"Ah no, the bliss youth dreams is one  
For daylight, for the cheerful sun,  
For feelings, nerves, and living breath—  
Youth dreams a bliss on this side death!  
It dreams a rest, if not more deep,  
More grateful than this marble sleep.  
It hears a voice within it tell,  
Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well."

And it is this strain which we should have wished to have oftener heard in the "New Poems." But we gladly accept this and other pieces, which we might quote, as an earnest of the change of thought in modern poetry. As to workmanship, the poems are nearly perfect. Like everything which Mr. Arnold writes, they are, as far as form goes, nearly flawless. Mr. Arnold's ear is as delicate as Shelley's, and his taste as exquisite. How well he understands Milton's definition of poetry may be gathered by the following sonnet:—

"That son of Italy who tried to blow,  
Ere Dante came, the trump of sacred song,  
In his light youth amid a festal throng  
Sate with his bride to see a public show.  
Fair was the bride and on her front did glow  
Youth like a star; and what to youth belong,  
Gay raiment, sparkling gauds, elation strong.  
A prop gave way! crash fell a platform! lo,  
'Mid struggling sufferers, hurt to death, she lay!  
Shuddering they drew her garments off—and found  
A robe of sackcloth next the smooth, white skin.  
Such, poets, is your bride the Muse! young, gay,  
Radiant, adorned outside; a hidden ground  
Of thought and of austerity within."

Mr. Arnold's muse is such. His verse is marked by that art which is the last acquired—the art of self-restraint. And yet there are one or two passages which might have been improved by a still further obedience to that great law. Take the following passages descriptive of the fine view from Kensington Bridge:—

"Down o'er the stately bridge the breeze  
Came rustling from the garden trees,  
And on the sparkling waters played.  
Light-plashing waves an answer made,  
And mimic boats their haven neared.  
Beyond, the Abbey towers appeared,  
By mist and chimneys unconfined,  
Free to the sweep of light and wind."

We may be over-fastidious, but, in our opinion, the view is here spoilt by the introduction of the "mimic boats." It is quite true that the children's toy-vessels are sailing on the Serpentine, but the mind does not wish to be disturbed by them. It sees only the mighty towers of St. Stephen's and Westminster Abbey. It broods only upon them. All else is forgotten in the thought of the mighty men who have spoken in the one, and who sleep under the roof of the other. We have, too, to complain of some other faults. Mr. Arnold is generally so happy in his choice of words, that we are surprised to find such an expression as—

"Listen! you hear the grating roar  
Of pebbles which the waves suck back."

\* New Poems. By Matthew Arnold. London: Macmillan & Co.



"Suck" is most certainly not the word to be used, and conveys no impression of what sailors call the "drawback" of the wave. Again, we are equally surprised to find a few lines after—

"Sophocles long ago  
Heard it on the Ægean."

Sophocles most certainly never heard that peculiar "grating roar of pebbles," which is caused daily by the tides of our northern seas, anywhere on the shores of the Mediterranean, where the ebb and flow is almost imperceptible. We might instance other infelicities, such as the word "chops" in the lines—

"The man mature with labour chops,  
For the bright stream a channel grand ;"

and such a provincialism as "lief," though it has the sanction of Shakspeare. We must, however, pass on to a fault of a very different order. Mr. Arnold is evidently a most close observer of Nature. Many of his descriptions are perfectly pre-Raphaelite. Thus he speaks of the "moon-blanchèd sand," and the "gold-dusted snap-dragons." But in one or two passages his accuracy has quite deserted him. Thus, to take the following lines—

"From bush to bush the cuckoo flies,  
The orchis red gleams everywhere ;  
Gold broom with furze in blossom vies,  
The blue-bells perfume all the air."

The "blue-bell," as Mr. Arnold, following the common nomenclature, calls the hyacinth (*Hyacinthus non-scriptus*), has scarcely any smell. He probably meant to say the furze, which will often fill the whole country round with its delicate peach-like perfume. Again let us take another picture, this time not of spring but of harvest :—

"Deserted is the new-reaped grain,  
Silent the sheaves! the ringing wain,  
The reapers' cry, the dogs' alarms,  
All housed within the sleeping farms!  
The business of the day is done,  
The last belated gleaner gone.  
And from the thyme upon the height,  
And from the elder-blossom white,  
And pale dog-rose in the hedge,  
And from the mint-plant in the sedge,  
In puffs of balm the night-air blows  
The perfume which the day foregoes."

The description is very beautiful, but is marred by two anachronisms. The pale dog-roses and the elder-blossom have blown long before harvest. We may see them during the haytime in the lanes sometimes covered with the hay, which they have caught from the passing waggon, but not at harvest. It has been remarked that Perdita, in her lovely description of the spring-flowers in the "Winter's Tale," names them each in the order in which they blossom ; and though, perhaps, Mr. Arnold may be unable to reach Shakspeare's height of beauty, there is no reason why he should not imitate his accuracy. Praise, however, is pleasanter to bestow than blame. Were we to find a hundred graver faults than we have done, they would not detract from the great merits of the volume. In conclusion, we will only say that Mr. Arnold's "New Poems" are marked by such beauties of description and thought, and such power of art, as we can find in no other living poet but Tennyson.

#### POMPEII.\*

THE introduction to this work opens with an apology for the antiquarian researches which it has involved, but in truth no further apology is needed than that contained in the title of the volume itself. If ever a time should come when public interest shall have abated on the subject of Pompeii and its remains, it will be because all available sources of information concerning them have been exhausted, and that at present seems very far from the case. The fate of that fair but ill-starred city—not dimly guessed at through geological evidence, but handed down to posterity by the unimpeachable testimony of an eyewitness—the invaluable relics which have from time to time been disinterred from its ruins which reveal to us so much of social habits in a classic age ; the romantic interest which is attached to its history, and to scenes which the poet and novelist have reinvested with dramatic life ; the genuine pleasure with which every true artist must regard the vestiges of its decorative taste—all these and many other considerations point to the fact that Pompeii is likely to prove a mine of almost inexhaustible wealth, not only to the antiquary and dilettante, but to the author and his readers for ages to come.

The worth of Mr. Dyer's volume cannot be estimated at a glance. In point of size it does not exceed that of the work on which it is confessedly based, and which was published some thirty or forty years ago by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. But within that period important excavations have brought new treasures to light at Pompeii, and there is much more to enumerate and to describe. To make room for this additional

matter, the present editor has judiciously omitted those portions of the original text which referred to such subjects as the Greek drama and the civil architecture of Rome. These, however interesting and instructive in their way, were but indirectly connected with Pompeii, and it is with Pompeii alone that the volume before us attempts to deal. It would, however, have been unwise—we might almost say impossible—to enter on a description of that extraordinary city without giving some account of the still more extraordinary phenomenon which furnished it first with its site, and, after the lapse of centuries, with its tomb. The first chapter in the book is therefore very properly devoted to a history of Vesuvius—its connection with heathen mythology, and a brief category of the principal eruptions which have been recorded. After mention of the accounts given by the younger Pliny, Dion Cassius, and Procopius, we are informed that—

"The first stream of lava, of which we have authentic account, broke out in the year 1036, during the seventh eruption from the resuscitation of the volcano. Another eruption occurred in 1049, another in 1138 or 9; after which there was a pause of 168 years, till 1306. From this year to 1631 there was a cessation, except one slight eruption in 1500. During this long pause a remarkable event occurred in another part of the Phlegrean fields. In little more than twenty-four hours, a new hill called Monte Nuovo was thrown up to the height of 440 feet above the level of the sea, its base being nearly a mile and a half in circumference. It stands partly on the site of the Lucrine Lake, which has now dwindled into a shallow pool. . . . A brief period of repose followed the eruption of 1631, but it lasted only till 1666; from which time to the present there has been a series of eruptions, at intervals rarely exceeding ten years, generally recurring much more frequently. Those of 1776 and 1777 are more than commonly celebrated, from having been described at large by an eye-witness—Sir William Hamilton, in his splendid work, entitled 'Campi Phlegreæ.' The eruption of 1779 was also described by him, and is remarkable for the beauty and grandeur of its phenomena. . . . Another remarkable eruption occurred in 1793, while the late Dr. Clarke was still at Naples, and gave him the opportunity of making minute and repeated observations on the mountain."

The eruption of 1822 considerably changed the aspect of the crater. Since that there have been several, of which the most remarkable appears to have taken place towards the end of 1861 :—

"It was preceded by shocks of earthquake, which overthrew or damaged several houses in Torre del Greco. The editor visited that place a month or two afterwards, and found some of the wells there still boiling; while at a little distance from the shore a sort of fountain was thrown up in the sea by volcanic agency. On this occasion ashes were ejected from several small cones situated less than half a mile from the town."

The two next chapters are devoted to an "Historical Notice" and "Position of Pompeii"—both very interesting in their way, and containing far more information than their mere titles suggest. It is to the Forum which one naturally turns for an idea of the grace and magnificence of Pompeian architecture, yet we cannot help thinking that the internal decoration and arrangement of a private house in the best period of that style afford more evidence of characteristic ingenuity in design than any contemporary temple or public building to which we may venture to apply the standard of taste raised by Vitruvius. With ourselves, classic architecture is a dead letter. We mete out the height of its columns in modules. We assign this and that proportion to a base, a frieze, or a cornice, forgetting that there was once a time when these points were left to individual taste, and not settled by rule of thumb. It is true that Pompeii could never boast monuments planned after that rigid order of excellence which distinguishes the most celebrated structures in ancient Rome; but there is a freedom and vitality about Pompeian design which seems to be as far removed from the stately splendour of Augustan art as it is superior to the bizarre inventions of the Renaissance school, which unites, in short, every necessary condition of architectural grace with an element of the picturesque which is all its own.

Great credit seems to be due to the Cavaliere Fiorelli, who, under the present Government of Italy, has been appointed to superintend the excavations, for the care with which they are now carried on, and for the close scrutiny which is bestowed on each relic of antiquity as it is brought to light :—

"The excavations are commenced by clearing away from the surface the vegetable mould in which there are no remains. The volcanic substances—either lapillo or hardened lava-mud—in which ruins of buildings may exist, are then very gradually removed. Every fragment of brickwork is kept in the place where it is found and fixed there by props. When charred wood is discovered it is replaced by fresh timber. By thus carefully retaining in its original position what still exists, and by replacing that which has perished and has left its trace, Signor Fiorelli has been able to preserve and restore a large part of the upper portion of the buried houses. . . . One of the first and most interesting results of the improved system upon which the excavations are thus carried on has been the discovery and restoration of the second story of a Pompeian house, and especially of the *menianum*, a projecting gallery or balcony overhanging the street. This part of a Roman building, which is frequently represented in the wall-paintings, but the existence of which at Pompeii had been doubted or denied, was built of brick, and supported by strong wooden beams and props. The masonry is still in many cases preserved; the carbonized wood had to be restored. Some of these galleries seem to have been entirely open, like a modern balcony, and as they are represented in the frescoes; others formed part of the upper chambers of

\* Pompeii, its History, Buildings, and Antiquities. An Account of the Destruction of the City, with a full Description of the Remains, and of the Recent Excavations, and also an Itinerary for Visitors. Edited by Thomas H. Dyer, LL.D., of the University of St. Andrews. Illustrated. London: Bell & Daldy.



the house, and were furnished with small windows, from which the inmates could see the passers-by. In the narrow streets of Pompeii these projecting galleries must have approached so nearly as almost to exclude the rays of even the midsummer sun and to throw a grateful shade below."

It is a curious fact that the excavations at Pompeii had been carried on to a considerable extent before the remains of any public baths were discovered. That such buildings had once existed was very evident from an inscription which came to light in 1749, and which set forth that on the occasion of the dedication of the baths at the expense of Cnæus Maius there would be wild beast sports, athletic contests, *sprinkling of perfume*, and, to crown the whole, an *awning*—we presume over the public arena. Referring to the promised attraction of perfume, we may mention that according to Seneca it was mixed with boiling water, which, being placed in the centre of the amphitheatre, helped to diffuse an odorous vapour throughout the place. We believe it was in 1824 that portions of the *Thermæ* were first disinterred. They are now found to have been comprised in a detached block of buildings forming an irregular quadrangle about 174 feet in its extreme length, and divided into three separate and distinct compartments, one devoted to servants' offices and a heating apparatus, while the other two are conjectured to have been respectively used by male and female bathers. In the *Thermæ Stabianæ* which have been more recently discovered, but which were probably of an earlier date, a large quadrangular court formed part of the structure, and may have served for gymnastic exercises. With this exception, however, we do not find included in either of the Pompeian *Thermæ* any of those numerous and spacious halls which were attached to the baths of Diocletian and of Caracalla, and which rendered the Roman bath of old not only a place for ablution, but a fashionable lounge for gossiping idlers, the rendezvous of philosophers, a place of public entertainment, and, in short, something which combined the character of an English club and a German *kursaal*.

In the chapter on Pompeian theatres, we are informed of the rise and progress of the Roman drama, and detailed descriptions, compiled from various sources, are given of the buildings devoted to its performance. The amphitheatre—of which a good example exists at Pompeii—was used for a very different purpose, and therefore forms the subject of a separate essay. Here gladiatorial combats, and that most brutalizing of all exhibitions, the contest between men and wild beasts, were witnessed, and applauded even by women. Externally, the amphitheatre "presented to the view an oval wall, composed of two or more stories of arcades, supported by piers of different orders of architecture, adorned with pilasters, or attached pillars. Within, an equal number of stories or galleries gave access to the spectators at different elevations, and the inclined plane of the seats was also supported upon piers and vaults, so that the ground-plan presented a number of circular rows of piers arranged in radii converging to the centre of the arena. A suitable number of doors opened upon the ground-floor, and passages from thence intersecting the circular passages between the piers gave an easy access to every part of the building. Sometimes a gallery encompassed the whole, and served as a common access to all the stairs which led to the upper stories."

Under the heads of "Domestic Architecture of Italy" and "Pompeian Art" will be found much that is interesting in connection with the main subject of this volume. In the study of ancient monuments, we are apt to forget that they were raised by people whose hearts and minds were subject to the same impulses of feeling and variations of taste as ourselves, just as their bodies needed the same physical care and protection from the inclemency of weather as our own. The first elements of every practical art may be traced, first, in the requirements, and next, in the morals of mankind. It is only in a modern and degenerate age that we have lost sight of taste as an instinct, and strive to cultivate it as a science.

The description of the private houses, of the dwellings of Pausanias and Sallust, of the tragic poet, and of Meleager, as recorded in this volume, is graphic and entertaining. The mural inscriptions and fresco paintings afford another wide field for comment and discussion; and the editor adds much valuable information concerning the tombs of this venerable city, so long entombed itself. Some careful woodcuts, illustrative of domestic utensils, &c., are judiciously introduced in the latter part of the volume, which, indeed, is well-stocked with engravings throughout, and the whole concludes with a useful itinerary.

#### RITUALIST MANIFESTOES.\*

MR. ORBY SHIPLEY has not unnaturally been encouraged by the success which attended the first series of "The Church and the World" to put forth a similar volume for the year 1867. He must not be surprised, however, if the second series of "Essays on Questions of the Day" receive a much smaller share of public attention than its predecessor. The first volume possessed the irresistible attraction of novelty; people were anxious to see the Neo-Tractarian manifesto, and learn to how much innovation the oracles of the Catholic Revival were prepared to commit themselves

in writing. Besides, the volume, when it did appear, exceeded the opinion generally formed of the intellectual calibre of the Ritualist school. It was full of clever writing; it was not deficient in learning and research of a particular kind; it handled large questions in a liberal way, and it breathed throughout a fair, open, and courteous spirit seldom found in the leaders of advanced parties. Art, science, philosophy, political and social problems, over and above its strictly theological subjects, found a place in the first series of "The Church and the World." The volume before us presents a strong contrast in these respects. None of the authors who contributed to the first series reappear in the second. The editor, desirous, we imagine, of showing to the contemptuous "world" the amplitude of the Church's intellectual resources, or wishing to afford to as many members of his party as possible an opportunity of having their say, resolved that the same school of thought should be represented by an entirely different set of writers in 1867 from those who delivered themselves in 1866. Mr. Shipley, by this arrangement, does not appear to us to have benefited the cause. We confess to a decided preference for the old team. Neither in interest of subject, nor ability of style, nor liberality of spirit, does the second series even approach the first. We could have easily dispensed with variety of authorship; it is not so easy to put up with great inferiority of power and style, combined with equal extravagance and a new infusion of arrogance, passion, and intolerance.

The table of contents at the first glance shows a much less various and less interesting set of "questions" than those handled in the first series. We have no general topic of interest such as was treated by Professor Rogers in his vigorous paper on "University Extension." We find no such food for the philosophical reader as was afforded by the admirable discussion in the last volume on "Revelation and Science" by an anonymous author; the essay in the present series on "Church Music," by Mr. Rumsey, is a very poor substitute for Mr. Street's "Foreign Gothic Architecture" in the last. In the new volume there is a smallness, a technicality, a one-sidedness, both in the subjects and the way in which even the less narrow questions are discussed that may make the book none the less acceptable to clergymen of a particular school, but will certainly win for it no favour from those who saw in its predecessor a breadth of view and comprehensiveness of treatment which commanded respect from those least disposed to sympathize with the peculiar theological crotchets of the school it represented. One or two of the present essays seem little more than rather feeble replies to articles in the daily or weekly newspapers. "Essays on Questions of the Day" in the second series are reduced to answering a few columns in *Fraser*, or commenting in no very original spirit on a recent well-known article in the *Edinburgh*. That we should have fewer sermons; that we should pay our curates more and treat them better; that we should restore as soon as possible, where they have not been restored already, confession, penance, extreme unction, and the rest, together with the most gorgeous "celebrations" of the Holy Eucharist—these constitute pretty nearly the sum of conclusions on "Questions of the Day" (!) that we have gathered from a perusal of "The Church and the World" in its last manifesto.

We do not like condemning books without showing ample reason for such condemnation. It is want of space alone that prevents us from satisfying our readers to the full, that the complaints we have made of the uncharitable tone, the narrow view, the extravagant teaching, and many defects beside, that we could mention, are fully substantiated by the contents of the work before us. Any one who confines himself to reading the twenty-six pages of Mr. Bennett's rhapsodical essay which opens the volume will perceive in that the key-note, to which nearly all the rest of it responds. What language must the "World" be expected to use, if the "Church" controls the unruly member so little as to call Lord Russell "a crafty, insidious, and unscrupulous man"! What is not permissible to the "World," if the "Church" may deride the bishops as "comfortable lodgers in palaces," and the rich as "Protestants content with sleek pews," while St. Alban's and a few other places, in Shoreditch and elsewhere, are congratulated as containing "no World, but only the poor"! Of course we should not expect the vicar of Frome-Selwood to feel much sympathy with the views of Dr. Arnold; but the profound piety of the man, his fearless zeal and earnest desire to mitigate the evils of his age might, we think, have led a Christian clergyman to see in Arnold something more than "a schoolmaster of great repute among Latitudinarians." But it is the same throughout. Mr. Bennett has not a spark of sympathy with any but the most advanced members of the "Catholic party," except it be with the class whom he vaguely denominates "the poor," and whom he pictures to himself amid the revolutionary conflicts of the future as being prevented by nothing but the mediation of their beloved priests from tearing the landlords and millowners to pieces. We do not say that all the other essays in the volume breathe an equally unwholesome spirit with Mr. Bennett's. The next one, on the "Pulpit and the Press," is comparatively harmless, though very long, and somewhat dull. The "Sacrament of Marriage," by J. W. Lea, is a piece of mysticism, which we are not sure that we understood, and is at any rate far too hazy to criticise here. We have two disquisitions on Confession, one from a clerical, the other from a lay point of view, both characterized by considerable historical and antiquarian research, agreeing, as might be supposed, in the conclusion that the restoration of "such godly discipline" can alone preserve the age from most of its besetting sins. By the way, the Recorder of Salisbury will permit us to question his derivation of "histrionic" from

\* The Church and the World: Essays on Questions of the Day in 1867. By Various Writers. Edited by the Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A. London: Longmans. Tracts for the Day: Essays on Theological Subjects. By Various Authors. Edited by Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A. No. III.—The Seven Sacraments. London: Longmans.



"historia," especially as the merit of his argument is in no wise impaired by the unsoundness of his etymology. But we will not carry our readers through the remaining essays in this volume on such questions as "the Ritual Law," "the Three Vows," "the Symbolism of Ritual," &c.; it will be sufficient to generalize their recommendations under the three heads of Doctrine, Discipline, and Worship; the first is to centre in some form either of consubstantiation or transubstantiation; the second in the restoration of confession and penance; the third in the daily sacrifice of the Mass, "incense being," according to Mr. Bennett, "the mediation of Jesus ascending from the altar to plead for the sins of man"—a neat programme this to be laid before the Ritualist Commission by the recognised organ of the party!

The best thing in the volume is the paper on "Sisterhood Life," from the pen of a sister in an Anglican Convent, who does not append her name to her essay. Very little is known among Englishmen in general about the various sisterhoods that the last twenty years have seen established through the country, still less about the numerous missions, orphanages, penitentiaries, sanatoria, and schools, the work of which is performed by these devoted bodies. It is not too much to say, and it is anything but a subject of regret, that these institutions have obtained a recognised position in England, and won the approval of hospital physicians as well as High-Church bishops, of Protestant magistrates as well as Puseyite clergymen. The authoress of the paper we are speaking of confines herself mainly to facts, to describing the constitutions, work, devotions, rules, and vows of the various sisterhoods, while she adds some excellent remarks on the dangers and infirmities which chiefly beset bodies of this nature, such as frivolity, eccentricity, coarse-mindedness, ignorance, and the like; pointing out that under the best systems of conventual life such noxious results are at least discouraged, if not absolutely prevented. We do not agree with the "Sister's" low estimate of the deaconess' system which answers so well in Germany, and against which she brings no objection more substantial than that, adapted to Protestant Germany and a "subjective religion," it is too cold for the Catholicity of the English Church. She might, moreover, have suppressed her sneers at the ineffective philanthropy of the Evangelical party; many women under the influence of teachers belonging to that school, have, we can assure her, done the same work of love without the ostentation, eccentricity, and waywardness of certain modern sisterhoods. But even though this essay be not wholly free from the narrow and bitter tone characteristic of the whole volume, we can cordially recommend the perusal of it to our readers, promising them, from its thirty pages, a store of well-selected and well-arranged information, that they will not easily find elsewhere.

"Tracts for the Day" form a kind of supplement to the "Church and the World," expressing in order and detail the several articles of the Neo-Tractarian creed. They profess to show in so many words "why the popular religionism is untenable," and how alone it can be restored to primitive soundness. One of these treatises (of which five or six have, we believe, already appeared), entitled the "Seven Sacraments," lies before us, and if we are surprised at its audacity, we are certainly not left in any doubt of its meaning. It is nothing less than a plain declaration, supported by more ingenuity than logic, of the doctrine of the Seven Sacraments that are expressly repudiated by the Twenty-fifth Article. The Catholic idea of the kingdom of grace resting on the sacraments is throughout contrasted with "the modern Protestant idea of a mere intellectual system, in which the understanding of a theory of Redemption, and a belief in it, are made the qualifications for eternal life." There is plenty of exaggeration and misrepresentation of this kind throughout the treatise, but, at the same time, it must be acknowledged there is a force and directness of conviction and speech that cannot fail to produce effect. If Tract III. thus unhesitatingly proclaims the validity of the "Seven Sacraments," what may we not expect if the series ever reaches the fatal number XC.?

#### NEW NOVELS.\*

THE story of "Off the Stage" is described in its dedication as a first effort, and it undoubtedly exhibits the signs of being the work of a young writer. He has fallen into two or three errors which a more practised craftsman would have avoided, and he has indulged in certain philosophical moralizings which betray a spring-tide crudity of thought. But his mistakes are not of any real importance, being for the most part of a nature which a stroke of the pen could have corrected; and the immature utterances of his unripe philosophy are not without promise of future worth when time shall have enlarged and mellowed his experience. An older writer would scarcely have made twenty-one years elapse since the marriage of a lady who is represented as appearing to be about four-and-twenty years old, and who turns all heads by the youthful beauty of her face and figure; nor would he have made a solicitor induce a legatee under a will to be one of the witnesses to the document. But, on the other hand, many a veteran story-teller might covet the air of freshness with which the scenes in "Off the Stage" are invested, and the genuineness and sincerity of the tone in which many of its dialogues are delivered. There are no less than three

heroines in it, two of whom are placed in a very natural light, and are pleasantly as well as skilfully described. The third occupies the most important position, and her portrait is the most ambitious feature in the author's work, but it is also the least original and the most improbable. We have heard more than enough lately of the queenlike beauty who fascinates all upon whom she turns her large and lustrous eyes, and who is all but worshipped by some unfortunate victim of infatuation whom she eventually stabs or poisons. And of such a nature is the Mrs. Anderson of our story. Originally the wife of a Mr. Forrester, she deserted him for a Captain Graham. After a time, it seems, the guilty couple grew tired of each other, so the Captain, who had taken the name of Mortimer, passed her off as his sister, and the widow of a Captain Anderson, and determined to get her married to some rich man whom she and he might plunder at their ease. Early in the story they effect their purpose, for a wealthy Mr. Fairlie becomes desperately enamoured of the supposed widow, and, after a very short courtship, she becomes the second Mrs. Fairlie. Her fond husband's purse is immediately placed in her keeping, but so bent is she on becoming suddenly opulent that she soon has recourse to chemical aid, and before long Mr. Fairlie exhibits all the symptoms which attend organic disease of the heart or the administration of over-doses of belladonna. He is evidently fast advancing on his way to the churchyard when there suddenly appears upon the scene the injured husband from whom the fair fiend had fled so many years before, and the result is an interview, the incidents of which, somewhat improbable in themselves, are described in a natural and vigorous manner. All this portion of the story is spirited and exciting, but what is more deserving of real praise is that part which is devoted to the fortunes of Mr. Fairlie's daughter, Mary, and of Kate Sandboys, who becomes the wife of his nephew, Charlie Seymour. Kate's portrait is very attractive, though it is that of a girl whose chief merit lies in her beauty, and who is of so shallow an intellect, and of so weak a will, that she is almost at the mercy of any designing Lothario who chooses to gratify her vanity and fool her by the compliments she loves. But the face is lighted up by so sunny a smile that it is easy to forget the feebleness which its expression betrays. The pleasantest portrait, however, in the book is certainly that of Mary Fairlie, who is the impersonation of gentleness and sweetness, a true and loving woman, who, even in the days of her girlhood, makes the influence of her tranquil purity felt by all who approach her. The story of her quiet and happy love is very pleasantly told, and it is by its merits chiefly that we are influenced in giving the author credit for greater powers than those which are required for the delineation of a toxicological bigamist. Before taking leave of the story we must protest against its title, with which it has not the slightest justifiable connection, and we beg leave to suggest to the author that the difficulties of pronunciation which beset a Pole's first essays in English conversation are not the same as those which are experienced by a German.

The story of "Circe" differs from that of "Off the Stage" in most respects, among which may be counted the fact that its title affords a clue to its meaning, but it has one point of resemblance, the mature age of its heroine. Giulia d'Aspramonte, the semi-divine enchantress of the tale, is six-and-thirty years old, and yet she drives her admirers into ecstasies of madness and crime. Why she should not have been represented as ten years younger is not very clear, but there seems to be a mysterious attraction in the charms of a woman verging on middle age for admirers of a poetic temperament. She is the widow of a Roman banker, and is possessed of fabulous wealth, marvellous intellectual powers, and "a face which one might fancy sublime when illumined by the lightning of passion; terrible if overshadowed by the gloom of despair." She is capable of talking on every subject, and of holding her own in argument with every description of genius; she is great in Homeric geography, and can tell the bearings of every island in the Ægean sea, and she can discuss "the Darwinian philosophy, the second Faust, the topography of Carthage, the authenticity of the last batch of Marie Antoinette's private correspondence, Emile Augier's last comedy, George Sand's last novel," and any other subject which may happen to interest her for the moment. Thoroughly artistic in her tastes and sympathies, she delights in the society of musicians, painters, and poets, and one of her greatest pleasures is to bring to her feet, and hold in silken fetters, the men whose names are ringing for the time most loudly in the temple of fame. She has no heart, and she never allows herself to be led away from the independent path of prudence by any one of the countless admirers who are perpetually escorting her on her apparently perilous career; her feelings are never touched by the constantly recurring spectacle of youth wasted in futile attempts to fix her affections, of brilliant prospects dimmed during the lapse of time frittered away in never-to-be realized hopes, of lives which might have been happy if she had never troubled their peace, now deprived for ever of all their freshness and early splendour. She is a very impossible woman, such a one as credulous historians may believe in, and of whom youthful poets may dream, but whom our eyes are never likely to see in the unromantic world of fact. Still, she is cleverly described, and her character, if allowance is made for its unreal nature, may be considered to be consistently maintained. The principal feat which she performs in the present story is that of ruining the career of Lawrence Ball, an artistic genius of the type in which novelists delight. When we first meet with him he is a modest and sensible youth, about to be married to a pretty girl who adores him, and on the threshold of a fair success

\* Off the Stage. Three vols. London: Newby.

Circe. By Babington White. Two vols. London: Ward, Lock, & Tyler.

The Romance of a Garret. By Sydney Whiting, author of "Helionda," &c. Two vols. London: Chapman & Hall.



as a painter. But unfortunately for him, his chief patron, Antonio Mocatti, the great picture-dealer, takes it into his head that the young artist is capable of climbing to the very summit of his profession, if only he will give up the idea of a commonplace, humdrum life, and submit himself to the influence which a great passion exerts. So he throws him in the way of the enchanting Princess d'Aspramonte, who condescends to bewitch him by the apparent tenderness of her voice, the fictitious lovingness of her regard. He at once drinks eagerly from the poisoned cup, abandons at a moment's notice all the resolves of a lifetime, lets the fond dreams in which he had been wont to indulge drift idly away before the perfume-laden breeze of his new passion, and unhesitatingly and without reserve, yields himself to the thralldom into which the Princess delights to reduce the doomed victims of her pitiless beauty. For a time he lives in a seventh heaven of fancied bliss, content to forget his former love, his old longings, his early aspirations, as long as he may feast his eyes upon the splendid richness of his lady's face, and drink in with eager ears the music of her honeyed voice. He paints her portrait, and works at his picture at first with the fevered energy of passion, then with the redoubled strength of an assured hope, and at last with the wild rage of despair. For when she has wrought the ruin of his life and blighted all its young promise, she grows tired of his homage, and throws him aside with as little compunction as if he were a flower which had faded in her hand. His unrequited love has already driven him into that consumption which so often lends a charm to romance. By some unaccountable accident he escapes the brain fever, which most novelists keep in stock, to be produced at the moment when their hero's position becomes insupportable, but he goes mad in a methodical way, and blows out Circe's brains by way of keeping his own cool. As some excuse for this strong measure seems requisite, it should be mentioned that he had previously discovered that his desertion of the girl he was to have married had brought her to an early grave and had broken her father's heart, so he naturally thought that the Princess deserved to be punished. All this is great nonsense, but it is described so well that its recital is made not a little interesting. The web of Mr. White's fiction is woven of very flimsy stuff, but it is pleasant to the eye, and the fantastic designs it has to offer are clever enough to gain for it at least a passing word of approval.

Mr. Sydney Whiting's "Romance of a Garret" is as light and readable as "Circe," and contains a far more pleasant story. There is not much plot in it, and what there is chiefly serves as a series of props on which to hang up the author's experiences as a journalist; but its tone is so pure, and at the same time so genial, that no one can fail to be delighted with it. It is chiefly the record of the discouraging, but ultimately successful, struggles of a needy man of letters, who is obliged, by want of funds, to take up his quarters in an attic. Any one who wants information about the literary market of the present day, and the best means of disposing of his wares in it, may be safely referred to Mr. Whiting's pages, which will initiate him into many of the mysteries generally known only to those who are free of the press. The love-story which they also contain is as charming a little idyll as has ever been made to grace the somewhat prosaic records of London life. If Mr. Whiting had avoided the chapters which are devoted to a somewhat unnecessary description of ducal affability and condescension we should have liked his book better; but even as it is we can testify to having derived no little pleasure and considerable amusement from the "Romance of a Garret."

#### THE SUBJUNCTIVE OF THE GREEKS AND LATINS.\*

MR. GAVIN HAMILTON, of the Elgin Academy, author of "The Function of *Si* and *Qui*," "The Logic of the Latin Language," &c., &c., has just put out a treatise upon "The Subjunctive of the Greeks and Latins," which is to refute all previous results formed by the inductions of scholars. German scholars especially are the object of our author's reprobation; accordingly "in his philological journey to Rome and Athens he has not gone by Germany, lest, peradventure, he might lose himself in a German fog." So then, "there is nothing which he has deprecated more than dogmatism," which, in Latin is, he tells us, "as offensive as puppyism." For a few moments we failed to see the connection, but a second reading showed us it was a "goak." *Dog-matism*—diminutive *Puppy-ism*, ha! ha! Mr. Hamilton, you had them there! Well, we must not be hard. Scotch scholarship and Scotch philosophy have their claims as well as German; and although it pains us to see the familiar Zumpt bowled over, and the "mystic" Madvig prostrate; although we drop a tear over the corpse of Kühner and the grave of Grotefend, teachers from whom we have gained a few scattered rays of light, yet we are content to bask in the fuller effulgence of the undogmatic northern star. For Mr. Hamilton's theory the usual witnesses are called, but they are introduced with a sprightly touch. There is "old Homer, as orthodox as he is old" (whatever that may mean); there is "the logical Sophocles, who reasoned in verse;" and there is "Ovid, of witty memory." And out of their evidence, as it seems to us, Mr. Hamilton has evolved a theory more Procrustean than any of its predecessors, viz., that the subjunctive is the mood to denote *extreme or extraordinary cases*. It is very distressing to feel that this clearing breeze from the north has

not swept away from us all the mists of German fog. Has Mr. Hamilton really mended matters? Has he really given us a theory at all commensurate with the subject? It may be true that in many of the instances quoted the clause introduced by the subjunctive expresses some exceptional circumstance, but we see no proof that in that lies the reason of the subjunctive mood being selected. For what must be said to the thousand and one circumstances introduced by the same mood which are of the most every-day occurrence? What will explain the fact that these "exceptional" cases are often, by the force of the context, no longer exceptional, but a natural or necessary result? Where do we find in Mr. Hamilton's book any scholarly distinction drawn between the use of the subjunctive with and without the particle *av*? What satisfactory account is given of the use of the subjunctive in final sentences, where, instead of being extraordinary, the sequence is necessary? What allusion do we find to those frequent rhetorical uses of the subjunctive in Latin in what appear to be independent clauses, but which the writer pleases to connect with the preceding clause by a fancied link of causation? What real account do we get of the subjunctive mood and its formation and its connection etymologically with other parts of the verb? What hints are given from comparative philology as to the formation and usage of the corresponding mood in cognate languages. We don't think Mr. Hamilton sees the difficulties of his subject.

#### BRITISH GRASSES.\*

It is said that none but a thoroughly scientific worker can write a book in which the principles of science shall be expounded simply and intelligibly, and we believe there is much truth in this. Undoubtedly we find specialists who cannot tell us what researches they are engaged in without the employment of a flood of technicalities which render their remarks painfully obscure; but it is equally true that if we want an easy, popular, and, withal, accurate exposition of the principles of science, it is to such men as Huxley and Herschel that we must look. Every week almost, new popular scientific treatises issue from the press, yet we cannot think that the public is satisfied, for out of every ten of these publications, eight are inaccurate, and at least one is unintelligible. Why then is there so large a sale for repeated issues of popular treatises on, frequently, the same subject? We ask the question, because we cannot believe that all the handbooks on such departments of botany as grasses and ferns are really used by their purchasers. The answer, it seems to us, lies in the fact that so few of these works meet the wants of the public, and thus book after book is purchased in the hope of obtaining at last what is desired. We could not have a more forcible illustration of this than the volume upon our table. It is impossible to say how many treatises on the British grasses have already been published, for not only have numerous handbooks been prepared, but the species have been fully described in every British "Flora." Nevertheless, Miss Plues thinks she can improve on the labours of Bentham, Babington, Sowerby, and others, and therefore she takes up "scissors and paste," and publishes a volume of some three hundred pages. The work contains, of course, nothing that is new as to fact. With all the writings of her predecessors to clip from, it would have been surprising if Miss Plues had made any serious blunders, but, strangely enough, those portions of her work which refer to the systematic arrangement of the grasses and to the method of distinguishing the species, are faulty in the extreme. This, too, is all the less excusable, because with the admirable method of analysis given by Mr. Bentham before her, our authoress has only employed the *dissecta membra* of his scheme, and has thus left her book a very unsatisfactory one for the amateur. Women never make good popular teachers, for whatever be the reason, it invariably happens that in the very commencement of their task they assume a knowledge on the part of their pupils which these rarely possess. Miss Plues offers no exception to this rule, and we have little hesitation in saying that the amateur will find it much easier "to refer a grass to its species" by the employment of Bentham's scientific handbook than by the assistance of her "British Grasses." For example, let us take Miss Plues' definition of a grass, and let the reader remember that it is not preceded by any explanation. "It may be described as an herb with a hollow stem, only solid at the joints; leaves with parallel venation, and entire margins sheathing at the base, and inclosing the stem, more or less, attached to it by a small scale or ligule; the inflorescence of many florets," &c. Now the mistake made here is that of assuming that the reader is already familiar with botanical terminology. If the student of grasses possessed a previous knowledge of general botany, he would never dream of taking up a book like the present one. But suppose he be an amateur, how can he understand or profit by such a definition as the above, until he is told what is meant by the expressions "parallel venation" and "entire," as applied to leaves, and "inflorescence" and "florets," as applied to the flowering structures? These, too, are matters that must be clearly understood. Botanical terms have a definite and unvarying signification; and unless their meaning be exactly defined the diagnosis of species becomes irksome, if not impossible. The woodcuts intercalated with the text will be found useful, though they are small. The coloured illustrations are admirably executed. These, indeed, are the only creditable parts of Miss Plues' book;

\* The Subjunctive of the Greeks and Latins. By Gavin Hamilton. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.

\* British Grasses: an Introduction to the Study of the Gramineae of Great Britain and Ireland. By Margaret Plues. London: Reeve & Co.



but for them Messrs. Fitch & Vincent Brooks are alone responsible. We do not approve of books of the "British Grasses" type, and we cannot, therefore, recommend them. As a rule they are neither popular, accurate, nor convenient.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*Manual of Swimming.* By Charles Steedman. (Lookwood & Co.)—This is a seasonable book, and although we cannot go with Mr. Steedman altogether so far as to regard bathing in the light of a fine art, we go with him fully in his admiration and enthusiasm for the manly and wholesome exercises of diving and swimming. Mr. Steedman's instructions for plunging are as varied as if getting into the water was an affair to be approached only with grace and ceremony. His hints and recommendations for swimming are invaluable to beginners, and there is plenty contained in them from which old hands may learn something.

*The Last Thirty Years in a Mining District, or Scotching and the Candle v. Lamp and Trades' Unions,* by Ignotus. (Longmans.)—The author of this little book has a great admiration for the improvements of the present day, and a vivid recollection of the inconveniences which existed thirty years ago. He seems to have passed some portion of his life in the mining districts of South Wales, and to have been a careful observer of the events which were then passing around him. He has collected some accounts of the transactions of the Scotchers of those days, whose atrocities put into the shade even the more modern crimes of Broadhead and his Sheffield companions; and if he only knew how to present his materials in a readable form, his production might have been both entertaining and instructive. "Ignotus," however, moralizes, digresses, and works such an utter confusion of persons and places, that it is hopeless work attempting to follow him, and even the most self-sacrificing reader must abandon the attempt in despair.

*The Globe Edition: an Atlas of the European States, in Forty-five Maps on a Uniform Scale and Projection.* With Plans of London and Paris. (London: Macmillan & Co.)—One of the inconveniences of an atlas lies in its awkward shape and size, and the difficulty of carrying it about with you in a portable form. In this edition, we find a series of forty-eight maps, with an alphabetical index to the situation of more than 10,000 places. The towns and rivers are all distinctly marked, the divisions are clearly coloured, and, instead of being obliged to consult a square, unwieldy block of paper and binding, we get a neat little volume, which is invaluable for a student or traveller.

*Among the Squirrels.* By Mrs. Denison. Illustrated by Ernest Griest. (London: Routledge & Sons.)—There is a wise humour in Ernest Griest's sketches, and the illustration of the "Frog with a Toothache" is a piece of delicious pleasantry. Squirrels are difficult creatures for an artist to dress either in trowsers or petticoats; but Mr. Griest has been successful enough in the attempt to allow the real nature of the little animals to be caricatured, but not hidden by his designs. The letter-press is interesting for children, but we wonder can a child who has once read Andersen ever again relish another author?

We have also to acknowledge:—*Routledge's Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language*, edited by P. Austin Nuttall, Ph.D. (Routledge & Sons);—a second edition of *The Social and Political Dependence of Women* (Longmans);—*First Latin Book*, by the Rev. Thomas Kirk, M.A. (Bemrose & Lethian);—*North of the Tweed*, by D. Crowbery (Newby);—*A Descriptive List of Flint Implements found at St. Mary Bourne*, by Joseph Stevens (Tennant);—*Salads: How to Dress them in One Hundred Different Ways*, by Georgiana Hill (Routledge & Sons);—Part III. No. 4 of *Sessional Papers of the Royal Institute of British Architects* (Parker & Co.).

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

MRS. AUSTIN, a well-known translator from German and French authors, died on the 8th inst. at Weybridge, Surrey, in the seventy-fourth year of her age. It was she who translated Ranke's "History of the Popes"—a version highly praised by Macaulay in the *Edinburgh Review*, who there observed:—"Of the translation we need only say that it is such as might be expected from the skill, the taste, and the scrupulous integrity of the accomplished lady who, as an interpreter between the mind of Germany and the mind of Britain, has already deserved so well of both countries." A fourth edition of this translation was published in the autumn of last year, and to this was prefixed a brief preface by Dean Milman, confirming the judgment of Macaulay. Sarah Austin was descended from the Taylors of Norwich, a literary family, and was the widow of Mr. John Austin, formerly a barrister on the Norfolk circuit.

The death of a literary lady is also announced from America. Miss Catherine Maria Sedgwick expired on the 31st ult. at Roxbury, Massachusetts, in her seventy-ninth year. Her first book was published in 1822; it was called "A New England Tale," and was succeeded two years later by "Redwood," which was reprinted here, and translated into French, Italian, and Swedish. Other works followed, chiefly stories, many of which had relation to American life; but she also published a book of travels in Europe, and a "Life of Joseph Curtis," a benevolent New Yorker. Her reputation was more American than European; yet she had a name in England also, and, if we recollect rightly, used to contribute, some thirty years ago, to the once popular "Annuals" of the London publishers.

The French papers report the death of Madame Victorien Sardou, wife of the celebrated dramatic author.

The French case of "Cassagnac v. Vermorel," arising out of the quarrels and assaults we recently described, came on for trial a few days ago. The court gave judgment for the plaintiff; but, seeming to be influenced in its decision by the fact that the defendant had received great provocation, and that the libels were in reality true (though it is not permissible in French law to plead the truth of a libel), only sentenced M. Vermorel to pay a fine of £8 (English), and the printer to a fine of £2. This is a substantial triumph for M. Vermorel, who was certainly the most aggrieved party in the case.—On the same day, and by the same court, the author of a pamphlet called "Déisme et Peril Social" was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for what was designated as "an insult to public morality and religion." The details of the case are not allowed to be made public.

A youth employed as a milkman at Belper, in Derbyshire, has, without any apparent motive, attempted to murder an old house-keeper, under the influence of a long course of stories about Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard. This is far from the first time that similar results have followed from the same kind of reading. Courvoisier attributed his assassination of Lord William Russell to a state of morbid sympathy with crime induced by the perusal of the then popular romance of "Jack Sheppard"; and the annals of the police since then furnish many other instances. Mr. Ainsworth (who of course thought of nothing more than writing amusing fictions) has been unfortunate in having popularized, and invested in a halo of romance, two such vulgar scoundrels as Sheppard and Turpin.

With respect to Mr. Dickens's alleged intention of visiting America on a lecturing tour, the "Flâneur" of the *Morning Star* says that, "objecting to be hampered for a lengthened period by business trammels of any kind to anybody, Mr. Dickens has sent Mr. George Dolby, who for some time past has acted as his agent, to America, to investigate the conveniences and practicabilities of the scheme. Mr. Dolby will conclude no arrangement whatever, but will return to England with his report, by which Mr. Dickens's future movements as regards America will be governed."

A royal sign manual warrant of King Charles II., issued in the first year of his reign, is printed in the *Builder*, which says that it was found in an old office-book belonging to the office of the Lord Chamberlain. Neither Malone nor Payne Collier has noticed it. "In the sign manual," continues our authority, after printing it, "eleven plays are assigned to Sir William Davenant, the patentee of the Duke's Theatre: one by Webster, 'The Duchess of Malfi'; one by Sir John Denham, 'The Sophy'; and nine by Shakespeare. We have here, then, fresh and startling evidence of the pre-eminent popularity of Shakespeare over other dramatists in the reign of Charles II."

The annual general meeting of the Newspaper Press Fund was held last Saturday at the offices, Cecil-street, Strand; Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., in the chair. The report gave a very hopeful account of the progress and prospects of the institution; but both Mr. Godwin and Mr. Hyde Clark—the latter one of the earliest founders of the society—expressed surprise and regret that the Fund had not been widely supported by the provincial press. The usual formal business having been transacted, the meeting broke up.

The Duke of Buccleuch will deliver the inaugural address, as President, at the thirty-seventh meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Dundee, on Wednesday, the 4th of next month.

Mr. William Carew Hazlitt has issued the prospectus of a new printing club, with the title of the Roxburghe Library, which will be under the control of a single head, and will act in connection with the extra series of the Early English Text Society. It will publish various inedited remains of Elizabethan literature, but no book will be admitted into the series "which has merely its accidental rarity to recommend it." The works of William Browne, author of "Britannia's Pastorals," &c.—a charming poet, though somewhat diffuse—will be among the earliest issues.

Mr. John Payne Collier has published the fifth part of his reprint of "England's Parnassus." The work will be followed by reprints of the writings of Tuberville and Whetstone.

The *Athenæum* says that at a recent meeting of the Philobiblon, Mr. Huth's present of the reprint of Mr. Daniel's famous volume of Ballads was placed in the hands of the members. It is edited by Mr. J. O. Halliwell.

The first part of the "Philosophical Transactions" of the Royal Society for the present year is now ready for delivery, and may be had on application at the rooms of the society at Burlington House.

Mr. David Laing is about to edit a series of the old Scottish poets, in a cheap and portable form.

The late Mr. John Rutter Chorley has bequeathed the choicest books in the Spanish section of his library to the British Museum.

Mr. F. A. Paley, of Cambridge, contends, in a communication to the *Athenæum*, that the Homeric poems are of much more recent date than is commonly assigned to them by modern scholars, and that the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" are not of the same date.

Sir Henry Bulwer is engaged on a work containing his reminiscences of the diplomatic world with which he was long connected. Prince Talleyrand and Lord Palmerston will figure largely in this book.

The French Academy, at its last sitting, unanimously awarded to M. Edmond d'Anglemont the "Lambert" prize, to be given each year to the man of letters who, by his talents and the morality of his works, is most deserving of encouragement from the public.

M. Michel Nicolas has added a very curious and interesting volume to those which he has already given us on different subjects of religious criticism. It is entitled "Le Symbole des Apôtres: Essai Historique," and is published by MICHEL LÉVY FRÈRES.



## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Boedeker's Guide to Paris and Northern France. 2nd edit. 12mo., 5s.  
 Bell (M. M.), Doctor Weld. New edit. Fcap., 2s.  
 Black's German Dictionary. Edited by F. W. Thierne. 11th edit. 12mo., 6s.  
 Brother Jonathan's Best Things. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Bull (A. H.), Jesus and the Twelve; or, Christ's Training of His Disciples. Cr. 8vo., 10s.  
 Byrne (O.), Essential Elements of Practical Mechanics. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Carpenter (J. E.), Sunday Readings in Prose and Verse. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s.  
 Penny Readings. Vol. II. New edit. Fcap., 1s.  
 Chandos. By Ouida. Cr. 8vo., 6s.  
 Churchman's Shilling Magazine (The). Vol. I. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Collection (A) of Seventy-nine Black Letter Broad-sides and Ballads: Reign of Elizabeth. Cr. 8vo., 12s.  
 Combe (Geo.), The Constitution of Man. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s.  
 Corneille, Moliere, and Racine, Selection of Plays from. Edited by G. Masson. Vol. I. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Dante's Divine Comedy. Translated by H. W. Longfellow. 1 vol. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Davidson (C.), Concise Precedents in Conveyancing. 7th edit. 12mo., 15s.  
 Fairfield (Mrs.), Stories about Birds. 16mo., 1s. 6d.  
 Flint (H.), Mexico under Maximilian. Cr. 8vo., 8s. 6d.  
 Harris (H.), Historical Religion and Bible Revelation. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
 Ingram (A. H. W.), The Doom of the Gods of Hellas, and other Poems. Fcap., 4s. 6d.  
 Intellectual Observer. Vol. II. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 Livy, Histories. Books I. to III. Translated by W. Mongau. New edit. 12mo., 2s. 6d.  
 Ludlow (J. M.) and Jones (L.), Progress of the Working Class. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Lytton (Lord), A Strange Story. Cheap edit. Fcap., 1s.  
 Newton (Mrs.), Life of. By her Daughter. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 ——— (Craddock), a Rhymer's Wallet. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Oxford Pocket Texts: Cicero, with Short English Notes. Part I. 18mo., 1s. 6d.  
 Phillips (J. A.), The Mining and Metallurgy of Gold and Silver. 8vo., 31s. 6d.  
 Photographic Views of the County of Wicklow. 4to., 21s.  
 ——— of Dublin, 4to., 21s.  
 Punch! Reissue, complete, 25 vols. 4to., £10. 10s.  
 ——— ditto, 1861 to 1865, in separate vols. 4to., 17s. each.  
 Robinson (F. W.), One-and-Twenty. Fcap., 2s.  
 Robinson Crusoe, in Words of One Syllable. By Mary Godolphin. 16mo., 3s. 6d.  
 Rowley (A. C.), Joel: a Translation. Cr. 4to., 3s.  
 Sargent (Rev. I.), Easy Passages for Translation into Latin. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Short Treatise (A) on the History and Character of Moses. 8vo., 2s. 6d.  
 Smith (Archdeacon), History of England for Young Students. 18mo., 2s.  
 Theatre Française Moderne. Edited by Rev. P. H. Brette. Fcap., 6s.  
 Thring (Rev. E.), Manual of Mood Constructing. Fcap., 1s. 6d.  
 Thucydides, Books VI. and VII., with Notes. By Rev. E. Frost. New edit. Fcap., 6s.  
 Trench (Archbishop), Studies on the Gospels. 2nd edit. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 Tweed (J.), Homilies on the Sermon on the Mount. Cr. 8vo., 4s.

## SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—AUGUST.—EXCURSION MONTH.—**For terms for large parties apply to the Secretary.

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NOTE.—EDMOND'S (late WOMBWELL'S) GREAT MENAGERIE, with the Giant and Dwarf Elephants (the latter only 36 inches high), pair of trained Zebras, Dalmatians the Lion Tamer, &c., &c., exhibiting daily during coming week. Also the LEVY-RANT "Nonpareil" which recently crossed the Atlantic in 43 days, navigated by Captain Mikes and two men.

**BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL,** in aid of the Funds of the General Hospital, on the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th of August, 1867.

President—The Right Hon. Earl BEAUCHAMP.

Principal Vocalists—Mdlle. Titiens, Mme. Lemmens Sherrington and Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, Mme. Saindon-Dolby, and Mme. Patey Whytock; Mr. Sims Reeve and Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Weiss. Solo Pianoforte, Mme. Arabella Goddard; solo violin, M. Saindon; organist, Mr. Stimpson; Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

## OUTLINE OF THE PERFORMANCES.

Tuesday Morning.—Elijah (Mendelssohn).  
 Wednesday Morning.—The Woman of Samaria (a sacred cantata)—Professor W. Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc. (composed expressly for the Festival); Judas Maccabaeus (Handel).

Thursday Morning.—Messiah (Handel).

Friday Morning.—Messe Solennelle (Gounod); Israel in Egypt (Handel).

Tuesday Evening.—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Cantata, "Alexander's Feast" (Handel); Overture, "Oberon" (Weber); P. F. Concerto in E flat (Benedict); Vocal Selections from Operas, &c.

Wednesday Evening.—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Overture, "Leonora" (Beethoven); P. F. Concerto in F. Minor (Professor W. S. Bennett, Mus. Doc.); Cantata, "The Legend of St. Cecilia" (Benedict); Classical Vocal Selections, &c.

Thursday Evening.—Cantata, "The Ancient Mariner" (J. F. Barnett), composed expressly for the Festival; Overture, "William Tell" (Rossini); Sonata, pianoforte and violin (Mozart); Vocal Selections from Operas, &c.; Overture, "Masaniello" (Auber).

Friday Evening.—Saint Paul (Mendelssohn).

Detailed programmes of the performances may be obtained from the principal music-sellers, and will be forwarded by post on application to the undersigned, at the offices of the Festival Committee, 29, Colmore-row, Birmingham.

By order,

WILIAM R. HUGHES, Secretary to the Festival Committee.

## BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE.

THIRTY-SEVENTH MEETING, to be held at DUNDEE, SEPTEMBER 4th to 11th, 1867.

PRESIDENT.

His Grace the DUKE of BUCCLEUCH and QUEENSBURY, K.G., D.C.L., F.R.S., F.L.S.

Notices of Papers proposed to be read should be sent without delay to the Assistant General Secretary, G. Griffith, Esq., Dundee.

Members and Associates intending to be present at the Meeting are requested to apply to the Local Secretaries, who will assist them in procuring Lodgings, and will forward a railway pass, entitling the holders to obtain from the principal Railway Companies a Return Ticket (at ordinary return fare) available from Tuesday, 3rd, to Friday, 13th September, inclusive.

Reception Room, Royal Exchange, will be open on Monday, September 2nd.

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When they consented to undertake the formation of the School, they had every reason to expect that a considerable sum of money, which had been collected for a somewhat similar object would have been transferred to them, and, calculating upon that money, they enlarged the accommodation for the children at the School, which they otherwise would not have felt justified in doing.

Unexpected opposition on the part of one of the Trustees of that Fund has caused the money to be withheld from them, and it is very doubtful whether they will now ever receive any of it.

The Committee therefore have no alternative but appealing to the public to aid them in discharging this debt, due for increased accommodation and additional building at the School.

The object for which the school was established, the benefits it has already conferred (89 pupils being now educated in the School, of whom 12 are orphans, and 38 have lost their fathers), and the strong claims of those for whose advantage it is intended, will, the Committee feel confident, ensure them a ready response from the public to this appeal.

Donations to this Special Fund should be forwarded either to Messrs. Cox & Co., Craig's-court, London, Treasurers to the Society, or to the Under-Secretary, Mr. G. W. Forster.

Contributors to this Fund will be entitled to the same privileges as other subscribers, each donation of five guineas giving one life vote.

A. J. LAWRENCE, C.B., Major-General, Chairman.

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